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# MEMORIES OF A LONG LIFE IN VIRGINIA

MRS. JOHN H. MOORE

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11

# Memories of a Long Life in Virginia

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*By*

MRS. JOHN H. MOORE

Lexington, Va.

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Printed by

The McClure Company, Inc.

Staunton, Va.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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## PREFACE

The writer of these pages is now nearly eighty years old. She has been an unusually close and intelligent observer, and her memory is wonderfully vivid and accurate. She is one of the few people now living who knew well Stonewall Jackson before the War between the States, and General Robert E. Lee, and his family, when General Lee lived in Lexington after the war, as president of Washington College. Some of the friends of Mrs. Moore have thought that her recollection of these great men, and of other prominent people and events, were worthy of a permanent record, and at the insistence of these friends, this little book has been written. It is printed just as dictated by her, without editing, and it will doubtless be found that her original, and at times quaint style, will add much to the interest and attractiveness of the narrative.

ONE OF HER FRIENDS.

Lexington, Virginia,
December 1, 1919.

## ANCESTORS

I am now in my eightieth year, health delicate, and nearly blind, but my friends have urged me to write some of my early recollections. I have not kept my letters or written a diary, so I must depend on my memory, and things I have heard from others, principally from my father and mother.

My father was Samuel McDowell Moore, and my mother was Evalina Alexander, youngest child of Andrew Alexander, who owned a large farm near Lexington, Virginia, where I was born on the 20th of May, 1840.

Andrew Alexander, my grandfather, owned many slaves, he would never sell one, thought it wrong. He had a school for his slaves, said he wanted everyone on his plantation to be able to read the Bible, and my mother told me of her teaching the maids in the house to read and write. The blacksmith on the place had a school; he was one of the slaves. When my grandfather died, my uncle, William Dandridge Alexander, his eldest son, a lawyer

in Georgia, came on to settle up the estate. The negroes were given their choice as to whether they would stay in Virginia. A few who had wives on other plantations stayed, all the rest wanted to go with "Marse William." So they made a caravan of covered wagons drawn by mules and horses and moved to a cotton plantation my uncle had bought near Griffin, Georgia. This was about 1843. There were no railroads then. When the Civil War came on, my uncle built a large house on the plantation and invited his two brothers-in-law to move their families there, as Virginia would be the battle-ground, but we stayed in Virginia.

My uncle was a lawyer, and never married. He was well off, and he raised a company of soldiers—The Alexander Rifles (he was too old for the army himself), and equipped them, sent them to Virginia, and supported their families during the War. At one time he came on to Richmond, Virginia, during the War, to see about his company, when he heard of some of them being in the hospital there. After the war he divided his plantation out to his negroes, and tried to make them self supporting, and he left pensions to some of the older ones in his will.

The Alexanders were Earls of Sterling in Scotland, and descended from King Robert Bruce by his daughter Marjory. I bought two volumes, "History of the House of Alexander," in Scotland.

My mother's mother was Anne Dandridge Aylett from King William County, Virginia. She was a near relative through the Dandridges of Mrs. Martha Washington, wife of General Washington, and a descendant of Thomas West, Lord Delaware, one of the first Governors of Virginia. She died when my mother was only five years old. My mother as a young girl spent a great deal of time with relatives in Richmond and King William County, and with her uncle, Doctor Archibald Alexander, President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and his family at Princeton, New Jersey, and with friends in New York and Philadelphia.

My father, Samuel McDowell Moore, eldest child of Andrew Moore, was named for his grandfather, Samuel McDowell. His mother was Sarah Reid, eldest child of Andrew Reid and Magdelene McDowell.

My grandmother told me that when she was fourteen years old she rode on horseback from

Lexington, Virginia, to Lexington, Kentucky, to visit her grandfather and grandmother, Samuel McDowell and his family, who had moved with their family to Kentucky—then part of the State of Virginia. My grandmother accompanied two of her uncles McDowell, members of the Legislature at Williamsburg, Virginia, who were going home. There were no roads to Kentucky, only paths through the forests, and at one place they passed, a party of twenty people had been murdered just two weeks before, by the Indians. My grandmother was with a large party; all the men were armed, and when they camped at night sentinels were posted. Some of the old men thought the sentinels were becoming careless, and after telling the women of the party, they went into the woods and gave fearful Indian war whoops in the night, and scared the young sentinels badly. They were more careful afterwards.

My grandmother was eighteen years old, and my grandfather was forty-four when they were married. She was married at her father's home near Lexington, Virginia, "Mulberry Hill." The day she was married she put on a cap with a high

crown, having one and a quarter yards of muslin in it. My grandfather was a member of Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. They went in a carriage with four horses, and had a baggage wagon with servants, and it took them two weeks to get there. They had to cross the Susquehanna River on a ferryboat; when they reached it, the weather was too stormy to cross, and they had to wait several days; the ferryman gave up his cabin to my grandmother. They lived on Pine Street in Philadelphia, in a house with Hancock, of Massachusetts. My father was born there, the 9th of February, 1796.

My grandmother said Mrs. Washington was not pretty, a small, plump woman; she thought General Washington a grand looking man, noble and handsome. My grandmother wore a blue satin dress and heels to her shoes a finger length high when she went in to dinner with General Washington.

My grandfather, Andrew Moore, was born in 1752 at "Cannecello," his father's place in Rockbridge County. His grandfather came over from Ireland in 1740; they were Scotch-Irish. He was educated and studied law. He was the representa-

tive of his district in the first Congress, and he was the first United States Senator from west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He represented Rockbridge in the Legislature of Virginia for many years, and was a member of the State Convention of 1788 which ratified the Federal Constitution. He refused to obey the instructions of his constituents, who instructed him to oppose the Constitution at all hazards. He had been a captain in Morgan's Rifle Corps, in the Revolutionary War, having raised a company of a hundred men in one day in Rockbridge County. He was at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

I copy from an address of Hugh Blair Grigsby, delivered at Washington College, June 22, 1870:

> "General Moore was in his day the representative man of the West. Every civil and military office within the gift of Virginia and the people was freely bestowed upon him. His public career began in 1776, and from that time to the date of his death, 1826—a lapse of forty-five years—he can hardly be said to have been out of the public service. As a soldier, as a member of the House of Delegates, as a

member of both Houses of Congress, as a brigadier and major-general, and as the United States Marshall of Virginia, he performed his various duties with the approbation of his country."

In the same address he also said in speaking of General Moore:

"It happened that when Washington received the grant of the James River shares from the State of Virginia, Moore was a member of the House of Representatives, and was sent for by the Father of his Country to be consulted about appropriating the shares to the use of some literary institution above the falls of the rivers. General Moore presented the claims of Liberty Hall, and after a consultation with his colleague from the Washington district, the late General Francis Preston, who united with him in urging upon Washington the claims of the Academy, he wrote to the trustees, who presented their case in the able argument already noticed in the sketch of Graham, and received that generous benefaction which you still enjoy. I also may add

that he probably drew your charter, and certainly guarded and guided it in its passage through the Assembly."

General Moore was one of the trustees of Washington College.

When Major Andre was about to be executed as a spy my grandfather was the officer in charge, and as he had known and liked Andre, he begged Washington to excuse him from this duty, which he did.

My father, Samuel McDowell Moore, was born in Philadelphia where his father, General Andrew Moore, was in Congress from Virginia. He was brought to his home in Lexington when an infant. He was educated at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, and afterwards studied law. He was elected to the Legislature in 1825, and continued in that body until 1833. He was elected to the Convention of 1829 to amend the Constitution of Virginia; he was elected to Congress in 1833, and served many years in the Legislature and State Senate, and in 1861 was elected to the Virginia Convention as a Union man.

I copy from resolutions of the Bar of Lexington

on the death of Honorable Samuel McDowell Moore. After reciting the different positions he had filled, they said:

> "In all these positions he exibited high talent, indomitable will, unflagging energy, stern integrity, and the truest devotion to his country and his country's interest and honor. He was essentially and in all respects 'an honest man,' the noblest work of God, as a husband, a Father, a citizen, a neighbor, and a friend he was in the strictest sense of the word a true man. Here where he lived and died, where he was beloved and honored by the people, his memory will be ever cherished and revered."

These lines from Tennyson were quoted in the newspaper announcing his death:

> "Oh iron nerve to true occasion true,
> Oh fall'n at length that tower of strength
> Which stood four square to all the winds
> that blew!"*

*A gentleman from Staunton told me that the first time he ever saw my father he was pointed out to him on the street in Staunton as being the best formed man physi-

The McDowells came to this country from Ireland by way of Pennsylvania in 1737—pure Scotch. The Scotch-Irish went from Scotland to Ireland, but never married or mingled with the Irish Papists. The animosity and dislike has continued between the two races to this day.

Samuel McDowell,* my father's great-grandfather for whom he was named, was born in 1733. He was educated and studied law. He fought the Indians in many expeditions; was at the battle of

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cally and as having the best walk and carriage of any man in Virginia. My father always went to see his mother, who lived in another part of the town from us, every morning after breakfast before going to his law office.

There was not a State Convention in Virginia that one of my family was not in until after the Civil War. Gen. Andrew Moore was in the Convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States and voted for it. My father, Sam'l McD. Moore, was in the Convention of 1829, and my uncle, Capt. David E. Moore, was in the next Convention, and my father was a member of the Convention of 1861, at the beginning of the war between the states.

*The sister of Samuel McDowell married a Greenlee. When she was a hundred years old she had such a remarkable memory that when there was difficulty in establishing the boundaries of land in the county, men went to her, took her deposition, and she told them of the boundaries of the lands, often fixed by a stream, logs, a rock or hill, and they verified them.

Point Pleasant. He was a member of the House of Burgesses and carried the Augusta Resolutions to that body recommending a declaration of independence from the British Government, and he voted for a dissolution of the Union with Great Britain. In October, 1776, he was a member of the first House of Delegates under the Constitution, and cordially co-operated with Jefferson and George Mason in carrying through the bill abolishing entails, and the bill for religious freedom, and putting the new State on a republican footing. On the death of his father in 1743 he became the sole heir of all the lands as the oldest son, but he divided the property equally with his brother and sister. That was long before the law of primogeniture was done away with. After leaving the Assembly he was engaged in military services, and at the battle of Guilford he commanded a regiment. His son John was also in the battle. After the war he with his family moved to Kentucky, then a part of Virginia. He was appointed the Circuit Judge of his district, and his son William the principal judge. His son Ephriam was a celebrated physician, and a monument was erected to his memory in Kentucky a few years ago.

My grandmother's father was Andrew Reid. He was Clerk of the County of Rockbridge for many years, and was one of the heroes of Point Pleasant. He built "Mulberry Hill," his home near Lexington, where he owned a large farm, adjoining that of his nephew Andrew Alexander, and he inherited another large tract of land, (which has since sold for $20,000). He sold it during the Revolutionary War for paper money, and afterwards bought two cows with this depreciated currency. The McDowells were descended from Robert Bruce, and all of my Scotch ancestors fought for Charles Stuart.

Magdelene McDowell, daughter of Samuel McDowell, married Andrew Reid. She was a very bright, intelligent woman and read a great deal. I heard my father say that when he and his brother David were boys staying with their grandparents, his grandmother would become so absorbed in a book that children or servants would take the keys from her outside pockets and get anything they wished from the storeroom without her knowing it; and one night her daughters returning from evening service at church found her without the

My Mother, Evelina Alexander Moore

high muslin crown of her cap; it had been burned off by the candle by which she was reading and she did not know it. There was a band of ribbon between the crown and the front of the cap.

My grandfather Moore's oldest brother, William, lived to be ninety-three years old. He was in the battle of Point Pleasant at the junction of the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers in 1774, where the Indians were defeated. In advancing he saw an Indian had wounded Colonel John Steel, and was about to tomahawk and scalp him; he shot the Indian, and knocked another down with the butt of his rifle, and then took Steel, who was very large, on his shoulder, and the two rifles in his hand, and carried him out of the battle, and then went back into the fight. Steel said there was no other man who could have done it or would have done it if he could. He was an officer in the army at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

## ANTE-BELLUM—MEMORIES

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born."—Hood.

I was born May 20th, 1840. My first remembrance is at my grandfather Alexander's. I was a very small child. I first remember seeing a large room, with shelves filled with books, and a bright wood fire. I remember going to church, to the old Presbyterian Church that was in the cemetery at the head of the town. We went in an old fashioned carriage, with steps that let down, the steps when not in use, folded up inside the door. Dr. Skinner, a Scotchman, was the Presbyterian preacher. I was christened when I was three years old. When the preacher put the water on my forehead, I thought he was playing with me, and I ran down the aisle as fast as I could. My mother had to go after me to have me christened properly. At church a lady and two little girls sat in the pew behind us. One Sunday, the nice, kind lady hand-

ed me a piece of taffy. Now, my mother was the most particular person that I have ever seen; when she turned and saw me, my hands all daubed with the sticky molasses candy, she was perfectly shocked. I remember her catching my hand by the wrist and wiping the candy off. As we left the church, I remember my mother saying, "What did that woman bring molasses candy to church for?"

Soon, we moved down to the new Presbyterian Church. The minister always told first the visits he was going to pay Monday morning. He would begin at Mr. So and So's and spend one half hour there, etc., etc. Next, he read out the collection for the missionaries. One Sunday morning he read out that Mr. So and So had given "Sax and a quarter cents to convort the world." The congregation became dissatisfied with Dr. Skinner and asked for his resignation, but he refused to go, so he was tried before Synod. Dr. Skinner was very smart, prone to ridicule and had attacked some of the ladies. Dr. MacFarland and several other preachers, among them one named Brown, sat at the trial. Dr. MacFarland had an unusual-

ly large nose and Mr. Brown had very large, prominent eyes, so Dr. Skinner said, "As the eyes and nose are both against me, there is no chance for me." There really was no chance for him and he was dismissed. He was succeeded by Dr. William S. White, such a good, holy man, a Christian whom everyone loved. His prayers were especially beautiful and were as though they were inspired. He came when I was a child and he died here after the Civil War.

In 1843, my father bought forty acres of ground near the Virginia Military Institute and built a large, brick house on it. The Institute had begun as a school in 1839. My grandfather Alexander suggested that it would be better to have a military school like West Point, and let the cadets guard the Arsenal. Colonel Thomas L. Preston brought the subject up in the Franklin Society, where it was discussed. The Franklin Literary Society met every Saturday night in their own hall, where they had a good library. The gentlemen of the town would discuss the important subjects of the day, and they decided that a military school would do well here. A charter was procured from the Leg-

islature. It was decided to get a West Point graduate for superintendent, and Joseph R. Anderson, of Botetourt County, a West Point graduate, was asked. He refused, but recommended Francis H. Smith, also a West Point graduate, who was a professor at Hampden-Sidney College at Farmville, Prince Edward County, Virginia. These good old Presbyterians wrote to Dr. George Baxter, who was President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Farmville, as he knew Smith very well, to ask about him. Dr. Baxter had been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Lexington for years before he went to Farmville. He recommended Colonel Smith, after which they invited him to come. Francis H. Smith accepted and moved to Lexington.

When he arrived at the Institute, it consisted of an arsenal, containing arms for the militia. A band of soldiers guarded this. In front of the arsenal there was a barracks with a dwelling for officers in each end of it. In those days there was a general muster of the militia every fall. Major John Alexander, my mother's uncle, commanded the militia in this county as well as those of the

neighboring counties. All of the state at that time was laid off in districts.

When I was a child, I remember my nurse taking me down on the street to see the general muster. I would see the drilling and the cavalrymen galloping up the street. Two men that were specially admired were Mr. Hubard Bowyer and Mr. Lewis Davidson. They were splendid riders and had fine horses. I remember seeing women with stands at the street corners, selling cider and "gungers." "Gungers" were large, round, flat molasses cakes that Mr. Pettigrew made.

When General Smith, though he did not have that title until during the Civil War, first came to the Institute, he occupied one of the dwellings in one end of the barracks and Colonel Thomas L. Williamson the other. The choice of General Smith as superintendent proved a very wise one, as he was a man of brilliant intellect and wonderful energy. He devoted himself to building up the school.

There was a large yellow building for the mess-hall, and Mr. Eskridge was the commissary and quartermaster. He lived in rooms above the mess-

hall. He had four daughters, most attractive young ladies. One daughter, Miss Maria, married General Lindsay Walker, and another married Col. Duke, of Albemarle County.

Professor Bartlett, of West Point, was detailed to come here to assist General Smith in starting the school. Many, many years afterwards, my husband and I were in Newport, Rhode Island, and met General Bartlett and his family there. He told us how much he liked General Smith in those early days, and about assisting him in starting the school. After this General Smith built a superintendent's house on a line with the barracks and our house, and about half way between the two. Colonel John T. L. Preston was one of the first professors and taught Latin. He was a graduate of Yale, a very accomplished gentleman. He was a grandson of Lord Randolph, of England, and a near relative of Edmund Randolph. He belonged to the distinguished Preston family of Virginia.

Colonel Williamson, to whom I have already referred, was a gentleman, true, honest, and brave. His family were my most intimate friends and companions.

Colonel Gilham was also one of the early professors. He was a Virginian, and his wife came from New York. His wife, her sister, and his mother-in-law were all beautiful women. Miss Hayden, Mrs. Gilham's sister, died with brain fever here. She was only eighteen or nineteen and had been preparing for a ball at the Institute, so she was burried in her ball dress and dancing slippers. Her friends among the cadets were her pallbearers and they wore long white scarfs that had been arranged for them. Her hair had been cut off and my mother made a lace cap for her to be burried in. The Gilhams being Northern people did not know how to get along with our spoiled colored servants. When they first came here they hired two very accomplished servants from one of my father's aunts,—a good cook, and house girl, but they wanted them to do much more work than they were accustomed to doing, so they would not stay, but walked home. After that Colonel Gilham could not hire any other servants in Lexington.

Thomas J. Jackson was another professor at the school; he came in 1851. He roomed at the barracks and was very intimate at our house, visiting

there very often. He was six feet tall, a stiff military looking man. I remember that he always sat very upright on his chair. He had fine, blue eyes, brown hair, and a good complexion, a handsome man. He told my mother once that he felt that all ladies were angels. When he was thinking of marrying, he consulted with her and made her his confidant. Every Sunday morning, when going to Sunday School, he would call for me. I was not grown at that time. After he had been here for some time, he established an afternoon Sunday School for colored people in the Presbyterian lecture room. One of our house girls told me that Major Jackson preached better than any of the preachers. General D. H. Hill, a great friend of Jackson's, was a professor at Washington College. His wife was a Miss Morrison, of Charlotte, North Carolina. She and her sisters were pretty, cultured, and attractive women. Jackson was a very frequent visitor at the Hill's and also at Dr. Junkin's. He married Miss Eleanor Junkin, the second daughter of Dr. Junkin, President of Washington College. She lived only a year after she was married. Miss Margaret Junkin, the eldest daughter,

was the second wife of Colonel John T. L. Preston. Jackson lived several years with the Junkins after his first wife died.

When Major Jackson lived at Dr. Junkin's one of his sisters in law was an invalid and he used to carry her in his arms down stairs every morning, and carried her up stairs to her bed-room every evening. Major Jackson could not keep awake in church, would sit up straight and nod his head. One Sunday his youngest sister-in-law stuck a pin in his arm while he was asleep and he at once pinched her, much to her surprise. A cousin of mine, a young man, said that during the Civil War there was a large gathering of soldiers, and officers for religious services on a hill-side, one Sunday; when Jackson, who was seated on a camp stool, slept, and rolled off the stool and down the hill, and in that whole assembly there was not a smile, such was the respect had for Jackson.

I was in Richmond when I heard that General Jackson was wounded. I went at once to see Mrs. Jackson, who was staying at Dr. Moses D. Hoge's with her baby girl. They had been with Jackson, and were just back when the battle began. I said to

Mrs. Jackson that I hoped his life could be spared, as we couldn't do without him. She went to him that evening and was with him when he died. I have thought that God took Jackson and his prayers away when he did not intend us to succeed. Jackson was taken away from the evil to come. His second wife was General D. H. Hill's sister-in-law, Miss Anna Morrison, of Charlotte, North Carolina. They bought the house which is now the Stonewall Jackson Hospital. They had one little girl who died there.

In the autumn of 1860 there was a most beautiful display of the Aurora Borealis. The whole northern sky was aflame, and we had the largest comet that I have ever seen. Major Jackson came and invited me and the Williamson girls to go and look at the comet through his telescope at the Institute. As a young girl all my associations were with the Institute children, as there was none at Washington College.

There was a green hill between our grounds and the Virginia Military Institute parade grounds, belonging to Mr. Alexander Sloan, who kept the hotel in the village. He did not like General Smith and

would not sell to him, but my father bought the lot and sold it to the Institute to enlarge their parade grounds. When the hill was being cut down on a level with the parade grounds, the rocks flew in every direction. A large rock went through the roof into the second story bedroom of General Smith's house, and one piece of rock flew clear over our house into the flower garden. It weighed twenty pounds.

My delight as a child was to see the cadets march out on the parade ground with their musicians, Ruben and Mike, at their head—two very black men, dressed in scarlet coats and white pants and cocked hats. Ruben was short and round like his drum, and Mike was thin and tall like his fife. At our church fairs the ladies used to have dolls dressed like Ruben and Mike. These dolls were great favorites with the Lexington children.

General Smith was a most devoted Episcopalian. The Williamsons and Gilhams were also Episcopalians and General Smith was anxious to start an Episcopal Church. All the Presbyterians assisted him in every way. He bought a lot which was very near Washington College, from Mr. William N.

Tate, of Staunton, a brother-in-law of old Dr. Edward Graham. They built a very pretty red brick church with white pillars. One Presbyterian elder gave $500, and another gave all the stone for the foundation of the Church. All contributed liberally. When the Church was consecrated, the Presbyterian choir sang for the service; Cousin Betty Alexander, Mr. John Lyle, Mr. John Barclay, and others. The Bowyers of "Thorn Hill" were among the first people confirmed in the new church. Mrs. Bowyer was a Miss Hubard, of Eastern Virginia, and had been brought up an Episcopalian, and she and her four daughters were confirmed, but Mr. Bowyer, who was not a member of any church, said, "I'll be damned, if I am not a Presbyterian still." My mother took me to the Episcopal Church, and I asked why all those people were talking out loud in the church and she said that they were praying, and I promptly said that they must be better than the people in our church, because only one man prayed there. The first Episcopal preacher that I remember was Mr. Robert Nelson, and he was always very intimate at our house. He came to our house one evening and I said, "Oh, Mr. Nelson,

what made you preach in your shirt?" I had never seen a surplice. After this all the people connected with the Institute were Episcopalians, as far as they who could be secured. When the Eskridges left, a Mr. Gibbs, an Englishman, was the commissary and quartermaster. He was an Episcopalian, as was also Mr. Norgrove, another Englishman, who was the Institute tailor. Major Thomas J. Jackson joined the Presbyterian Church after he came to the Institute, as a professor.

When I was five years old my father was in the Legislature, and we spent a winter in Richmond. I enjoyed being with so many children of my relatives in Richmond and down in King William County. When I was eight years old, I had the whooping cough, and my little maid, Bella, told me that the doctor thought I could not live and that "mistis" was crying. My cousin, who was two years older than I, came to see me one evening. I asked Bella if she would not like to belong to Miss Sarah, and she said that she would. So it was agreed that in case I died, Cousin Sarah was to have Bella and the cat. I learned to read when I was five years old, and was going to Miss Campbell's school when I

was six. Bella used to go with me to carry my books, and always came for me. Miss Campbell's school was for the very small children, and the Ann Smith Academy for the older girls.

In those days we did not have the elaborate, complicated water system* of modern times, but we had good, pure water, piped from a large spring in Brushy Hills. My grandfather Alexander had owned the spring, and he sold one-fourth to the town, one-fourth to the Institute, one-fourth to College, and kept one-fourth for his family and their heirs. A great many people had rather primitive bathrooms. We had one built just outside the house. It had a trough from the hydrant to supply it with cold water, and we brought kettles of hot water from the kitchen. My father, when asked why he had such a large bath tub, replied that he wanted one large enough to lie down in. He was

*There were several other large springs afterwards added to the water supply of the town, but the water of these Brushy Hill springs was limestone (hard water). We now have an abundant supply of soft water from a stream (Moore's Creek). The town owns the water shed. The little town of Lexington, Virginia, now has good pavements, electric street lights, and the houses have all modern improvements.

six feet tall. I have heard that Dr. Estill, one of our leading physicians, in very hot weather would lie down in his bath tub to read. One day he was found asleep, his book floating on the water. Colonel Preston had contracted malaria while visiting in Missouri. He had chills and fever. When the fever would come on him, he would get in a tub of cold water. The old ladies thought that it would kill him; for at that time all fever patients were kept as warm as possible, not even allowed a drink of cold water. In addition to these outside bath-rooms, everybody had foot-tubs and sitz-baths. In those days, though it was a great deal more trouble, the people bathed as much as they do now, and were very neat. Once an old gentleman was visiting a friend in the country near town. He was offered a sitz-bath in his room. The sitz-bath was shaped like a large hat with a wide brim that one could sit down on. The host forgot to tell his guest that the prop for the sitz-bath was broken, and so, when he took his seat on the brim, he pitched backwards and he, water, tub, and all went over together. He was furious, thinking that a joke had been played on him.

As soon as I was large enough, I went to the Ann Smith Academy.* This was a school established for girls by the early settlers and named for the first teacher, Miss Ann Smith, who was an Englishwoman. My mother had gone there when she was a girl. When I went there, Mrs. Nottingham and her four daughters taught the school. Miss Lizzie, the eldest, taught the large girls. There was a large school room in which Miss Sarah taught her classes. Mrs. Nottingham taught the smallest children. Miss Mary and Miss Hannah both taught music. Miss Mary was deaf and had only three of the smallest pupils—myself, Lillie McDowell, and Lou Myers. One day she had the three of us counting out loud and we made so much noise that Miss Sarah had to come in to see what was the cause of all the commotion. Miss Hannah was very pretty and was quite a belle. The Not-

*There were pianos at an early date at the Anne Smith Academy, and my grandfather, Gen. Andrew Moore, had a piano sent from Philadelphia to his home near Lexington, Va. His eldest daughter, then only about twelve years old, could play quite well, but when she tried to play on the new piano, was so overcome with embarrassment, with the whole family around her, that she made a perfect failure. My father's sisters played beautifully.

tinghams had a very fine school, and were splendid teachers. They always had some boarding pupils too. The old Ann Smith Academy stood where the High School now is.

These old Scotch-Irish settlers always established schools and churches wherever they went. This part of the country was almost entirely settled by them. These people were called Scotch-Irish, and, although they had lived in Ireland, they had never married or intermingled with the Irish Papists. In 1749 they had established the Augusta Academy. My great-great grandfather's brother, Robert Alexander, who was an A. M. from Edinburgh University, taught the school. Soon it was moved nearer to Lexington and was called Liberty Hall. General Washington endowed the school, and after that it was called Washington College. General Washington consulted my grandfather, Andrew Moore, about endowing this College. This was the only school General Washington ever endowed. When Liberty Hall burned down, the present center building and the buildings on each side of it, with the square columns, were built. The first president that I remember was Dr. Ruffner. He was suc-

ceeded by Dr. Junkin, who had been president of Lafayette College in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Robert Nelson, rector of the Episcopal Church, married about this time, and went to China as a missionary. Then Dr. William Nelson Pendleton, with his family, came here from Frederick, Maryland, to be rector of the Episcopal Church. The Junkins and Pendletons were both very accomplished and highly educated people.

When I was ten years old, in 1850, the cornerstone for the new barracks was laid at the Virginia Military Institute. I remember going down there to see it with my uncle, William D. Alexander. Soon after this my uncle, William Alexander, my mother and I, with a party, went on a trip all through the North. We went as far as Winchester in carriages, and the first railroad that I ever saw was there; we took the train and went on to Washington. It was a very wonderful sight, seeing the railroad. We stopped at the National Hotel. The night we reached Washington General Zachery Taylor, President of the United States, died, it was thought from cholera. He had eaten cherry pie and buttermilk. My mother said next day that the toll-

ing of the bells had kept her awake. Henry Clay was staying at the same hotel with us. My father was a devoted friend and admirer of Clay, and when my uncle introduced me to him as my father's daughter, I remember his patting me on the head and talking kindly to me. We went to see General Taylor, lying in state in the East Room in the White House. I saw the grand funeral procession. General Winfield Scott led the military procession. Next came the grand funeral car with black and white plumes at the corners, and "Old Whitney," his war horse, was led behind it. We saw Mr. Millard Filmore, the Vice-President, inaugurated in the old Senate Chamber. We also saw Daniel Webster.

Leaving Washington, we went to Philadelphia. The city was draped in black for a mock funeral in honor of President Taylor. We left, however, before this took place. When we reached New York, the city there was also draped with black for a mock funeral. The procession took four hours to pass, much longer than the original. Soldiers and a band led the procession, then came the funeral car, with an old white horse led behind it.

Next came groups representing all the trades. I remember one group carrying brooms.

We stayed at the Irving Hotel. Like the modern tourists, we went to see all the theatres and operas, but what pleased me most was a beautiful pantomime of Cinderella at Nibloe's Gardens. We went to Saratoga Springs, Niagara Falls, Lake Champlain, and to Boston. In Boston, we met our cousins from Richmond. They were also traveling in the North, though we did not know it until we met them there.

It was in 1853 that an unfortunate murder occurred in Lexington. Judge Brockenbrough had a large law class here for many years. This class was not connected with Washington College in any way. It was only after the Civil War that it became a part of the Washington and Lee University. I think it was in 1853, when I was thirteen years old, that a man named Christian was in Judge Brockenbrough's law class. This man did not stand well in the community, neither as to character nor sense. In fact, the class made a butt of him on all occasions. My cousin, Mary E. Anderson, who was visiting at my father's house, was intro-

duced to Christian at a public entertainment. Her friends warned her not to allow him to attend her. Soon she received a note from Christian asking to escort her to church Sunday night. She declined to go with him. She spoke of this to her cousin, Thomas Blackburn, a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. He advised her to have nothing to do with Christian. After refusing to go to church with Christian, she received a second note from him, asking who had influenced her against him. She did not answer this note at all. She had only seen the man once. She showed the note to young Blackburn, who with another cadet, went to see Christian and told him that it was he who had influenced his cousin. He told him that he knew nothing personally about him, had only heard about him through hearsay. They parted friends and shook hands. This was on Saturday. When the law class heard of this, they considered Christian a coward and tried to make him challenge Blackburn, telling him that he must fight a duel. The consequence of this was that Christian secretly armed himself with a cane, two pistols, and a large bowie-knife, went to the Presbyterian Church Sunday

night, and waylaid Blackburn at the church door to speak to him. Blackburn was with Miss Julia Junkin, the pretty daughter of Dr. George Junkin. When he had seated the lady, Blackburn went out to meet Christian on what is now Nelson street, at the side of the church. There young Blackburn was soon afterwards found dead. There was a stab in his back, the cape of his cadet overcoat cut in many places, and the knife had been thrust nearly through his throat, cutting both jugular veins. People who were going into the church found him. The cadets were allowed to attend church and to visit on Sundays in those days, and also Friday evenings. The whole corps was quickly on the scene, as well as many other people. Christian, covered with blood, fled to the hotel. He was taken out from the back door and put in jail. General Smith and other officers from the Virginia Military Institute were soon on the spot and had the body of Blackburn put in a cart and ordered the cadets to follow it to the Institute. Some of the law students were greatly distressed, thinking they had made the creature do the dreadful deed by their teasing and nagging, of course, never thinking that Christian

would murder Blackburn. Judge Brockenbrough and his law class did everything to save Christian. He was tried in the court of Bedford, and cleared.

Shortly after this, when I was thirteen years old, my mother and I went to Richmond and to Lower Virginia on a trip, visiting relatives. We were always visiting, and very often our relatives and friends would come to visit us. They would drive through the country in carriages or stages. A great many people in Lexington had large carriages, because we had to do all our traveling in our carriages or in stages, driving from two to four horses. When General Smith came, he drove a high top barouche at which everybody laughed. He drove one horse, "Old Coaly." One night some of the students from Washington College stole General Smith's barouche, carried it to the room they then used as a chapel, and nailed it to the platform. They hung the harness up on the guard tree on the parade ground and led "Old Coaly" out to the woods and left him there. General Smith had to send Christie Birmingham, an old Irishman who was at the Institute for years and years, and some other men to get his barouche. All the time they

were trying to unfasten it, the students pelted them with clods and chips.

The old hickory guard tree still stands on the parade ground. It was called the guard tree because when the cadets encamped on the parade ground, the guard tent was placed under this hickory tree and the guard stationed there.

When I was fifteen years old, in 1855, I went to boarding school in Charlottesville, Virginia. That was the fall when the yellow fever was so bad in Norfolk. Many of Colonel Williamson's relatives came up to stay with him, refugees from the fever.

I came home to spend Christmas and my mother gave a large party on Christmas night. General Smith and many of the officers of the Virginia Military Institute were at the party. Suddenly, Christie Birmingham came running in to tell them that the cadets were in rebellion at the barracks. General Smith and the officers rushed down there at once, and when General Smith appeared under the arch, a huge bucket of water was poured upon him. In spite of this, he was equal to the occasion. He stepped out in the court yard and calling to them said that he would give them ten minutes in

which to appear. Holding his watch in his hand, he waited for them, and had the long roll beaten. As they had taken down the steps, they had to come sliding down the posts like rats, but every man was there on time.

My father took me back to school. We went as far as Staunton in the stage. We had had a very deep snow, and were all day going the thirty-six miles to Staunton, not arriving there until about nine o'clock at night. From Staunton we went over the temporary track of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, as the tunnel had not been completed. We went over the mountain with two engines, one in front pulling us, and one behind pushing us. The views were magnificent; everywhere the deep, deep snow, and long icicles hanging from the rocks. That winter I heard Thackeray lecture on George the Third.

When I came home in the spring of 1856, I was sixteen years old. Hoops and heels had both been introduced into fashion. My mother had never worn heels, but my grandmother Moore, who had worn shoes with heels a finger length high when she was young, could not walk without heels, so

she always got a shoemaker to put some on her shoes. I came home, put on hoops, heels, long dresses, tucked up my hair and thought that I was a young lady. As I was the only child, I had to assist in entertaining; for we always had a great deal of company. In those days entertaining was carried on in a lavish way; for we had our trained family servants to depend upon. Aunt Doshia was a splendid cook, there never was a better; Humphrey, a young man, was the butler; the seamstress was named Priscilla; the gardner and carriage driver was Henry, and his wife Louisa, was the laundress; and Bella was my maid. Both Priscilla and Louisa helped with the cleaning.

There were a great many young men, students and cadets, as well as the older men from Judge Brockenbrough's law class, who used to come frequently to our house. One of these law students persisted in coming to church with me every Sunday morning, though I much preferred the younger students and cadets. So that at last, one Sunday morning when we walked into church, there was just room in the pew for two. I flourished in with my wide hoop, sat down in one end of the pew

and turned my back on him. Though my mother told me to move up, I would not, and the young man had to find a seat across the aisle, to the amusement of many of my friends in the gallery.

When a young girl, I was fond of riding. Ladies in those days rode on side saddles, with both feet on one side of the horse, with long flowing skirts, often nearly reaching the ground. My habit was made of black cloth. Down in Eastern Virginia, in King William County, where I frequently visited, the roads were level and fine. A large party of young people would go out riding every morning. One morning we were about to start. My cousin William Aylett's large horse that no one but himself could ride was brought out, and a gentleman from New York City was put upon him, two grooms holding him, and when we started they let him go—and go he did, tearing along the road and out of sight; he went because his horse would go, like John Gilpin. After considerable time he returned at the same furious speed, rushing by us like a cyclone, pale and frightened. The grooms at the stable caught the horse, and assisted the gentleman off, and he never rode again while with us.

I rode a great deal at home, often taking long rides through the country. I once rode with my cousin William A. Anderson, a girl cousin, and another young man, from Glenwood my uncle's home, away up to Bald Knob, said to be the highest mountain in Virginia, higher than the Peaks of Otter. My horse stopped and I could not make him go. I looked down and saw a large rattlesnake lying across the path, the steep mountain side was above and below. I backed my horse away and the two young men threw stones at the snake, whether they struck it or not I don't know, but afterwards there was a great rattling, even the trees seemed full of rattles. We waited and after awhile we passed on; it seemed as if dozens of rattle snakes were rattling, such an all-pervading sound it was and so shrill. The mountaineers fear other snakes more, the moccasin and the coperhead; for the rattlers give warning and cannot strike unless coiled. The top of the mountain is bare of trees, scrub oaks surrounding it looking like apple trees, causing the mountain to be called Apple Orchard, or Bald Knob. The decent of a mountain is always more trying on a horse than

the ascent when it is very steep, as this was. We lost our way going back, and when at last we reached home we found men about to go in search of us.

At one time my father bought a beautiful coal black horse for me,—"A perfect horse for a lady," the man said, so I mounted and with my escort started out for a ride. We went by the V. M. I. parade ground where the cadets were drilling, and as we passed a company, they lowered their guns with the bayonets on them, then my horse sprang over a ditch and sidewalk on to the parade ground, he lowered his head, and kicked up, until I felt his heels would hit my back. Not succeeding in throwing me, he then reared and danced on his hind legs, and at last charged the largest body of cadets. I managed to stop him before he struck them, and turning rode a much subdued horse off the parade ground. My escort remarked that he was greatly surprised at my being able to stay on that horse. I rode this horse several times, then my father was afraid for me to ride him longer and sold him. One of his tricks was to lie down in the first stream he came to.

Parties of young people used to go to Natural Bridge, fourteen miles from Lexington, in stages and carriages, having a picnic under the Bridge. One bright October day six of us went on horses, three young ladies and three gentlemen. After spending the day there we waited until the full moon rose above the mountains, then mounting our horses we rode full speed through the frosty air in the moonlight, passing the carriages and reaching home long before them, horses and riders greatly excited by the exhilarating air.

One day in the cool weather of the spring I took a long ride. My escort said we could come home a shorter way by fording South River. We rode into the water, my escort leading the way, not knowing it was so high. Recent rains had made the current very strong, and when I reached mid-stream my horse was swept down, and would not swim; we were near a dam, and I feared might be carried over, but I managed to get back to the ford and across the river with great difficulty, and when my escort saw me being swept down the river, my horse's head just above the water, he was terribly frightened. He said afterwards, "Why didn't you

scream?" We galloped up the towing path of the canal, my clothes and long skirt streaming with water, but I suffered no bad effects from the wetting.

I never returned to school after I was sixteen, but took private lessons at home. I took music, French and drawing from Dr. Ludwig, of Berne, Switzerland. In the fall of 1857 my mother and I went to a wedding down in King William County. In 1858, I went to another wedding in King William County. This time I went alone and was one of the bridesmaids. I stayed three weeks and had a very gay time, dancing every evening and riding horseback all over the country every morning. I spent part of the winter of 1858-59 in Richmond and part in Washington. Mildred Maben, my cousin, went to Washington with me and we stayed at Brown's Hotel under the care of Governor and Mrs. Letcher. Brown's Hotel was the center of all Southern society in Washington. We met Mrs. Clement C. Clay, who wrote "Belle of the Fifties," and Mrs. Chestnut, who wrote "Diary from Dixie," and Miss Reedy, who afterwards married General Morgan, of Kentucky. While I was there

**Samuel McDowell Moore**

I saw General Sam Houston, of Texas, a cousin of Governor Letcher, who was then in the Senate of the United States. He was a tall, fine looking man, and very eloquent in the Senate. Everybody tried to hear him speak. General Houston was from my home town, Lexington, Virginia, and as a young man went to Tennessee. An old uncle of his said, as the large party started for Tennessee, that he had not much hope of Sam Houston ever being anything, as he was so wild. Sam Houston said, "Why, uncle, I will come through here on my way to Congress." And so he did. He was elected Governor of Tennessee and soon after that he was married. The night he was married, he found his wife was in the most deplorable distress, weeping violently. She confessed that she loved another man and that her father and mother had made her marry him because he was the Governor of Tennessee. He was so shocked that he fled that night, disappeared and went off and joined the Cherokee Indians in Georgia. He lived with these Indians ten years and after that went to Texas. The girl he married got a divorce and married the man she loved. Houston joined the army in Texas and

fought so bravely that he became an officer. After the battle of San Jacinto when the Texans defeated the Mexicans, Santa Anna was taken prisoner and General Houston protected him against the Texans, who wanted to kill him. He was made President of the Republic of Texas. When I saw General Sam Houston in Washington, he wore a ring on each finger and one on his thumb. He said that friends had given them to him.

I went to President Buchanan's reception and to many given by the senators and had a very gay time in Washington. I met President Buchanan's niece, Miss Lane, and also Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, a most beautiful woman. Mrs. Senator Clay had a niece married at St. John's Church and there was a reception at the hotel afterwards. The lancers had become very fashionable as a dance that winter. We only danced square dances, the lancers, and cotillions. There was very little round dancing. I never danced round dances. We returned to Richmond and in the spring I came home.

That summer I spent August at the White Sulphur Springs with some relatives and also about

two weeks at the Sweet Springs. At the White Sulphur they had introduced the German and always danced it in the mornings so as not to interfere with the regular ball in the evenings, as everybody did not dance it. I had a very gay time that summer.

The winter of 1859-60 my mother was very ill and died June 12, 1860. Before she died she insisted that my father should take me on a trip through the North. So about September my father and I went. We traveled all through the North, going to New York, Boston, Niagara Falls, and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. In New York we saw "The American Cousin" with Jefferson in the cast. I remember seeing many pictures of Lincoln, Bell, Everette, and Breckenridge, who were all running for the presidency.

## WAR EXPERIENCES

Lincoln was elected, and my father was elected to the Virginia Convention which met on the first of February in Richmond. I went with him. The Convention was in session three months, February, March, and April, 1861. The whole State of Virginia was in favor of the Union, except the City of Richmond, and the Convention was almost entirely composed of Union men. There were only thirty secessionists in the Convention. South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, which had already seceded, sent commissioners to the Convention to persuade it to secede. South Carolina sent John Preston, a remarkably handsome man and such an eloquent speaker. He was one of the Prestons of Virginia. His two daughters, who had just returned from school in Paris, very beautiful girls, came with him. Georgia sent Judge Benning, and Mr. Anderson came from Alabama, as ambassadors to persuade the State of Virginia to secede. Each made a speech. Preston's came first.

The city of Richmond was almost entirely in favor of secession and the secessionists were wild with excitement. I even heard many middle aged gentlemen say that if Virginia would not secede they would go to South Carolina. The Convention met in a large music hall, and great crowds of ladies and gentlemen attended every day. Excitement all over the State was intense. Richmond was a hot-bed of secession. The speeches of these three ambassadors made a great sensation. My father, although suffering from a cold, determined to resist the torrent, and arose and offered resolutions and made the first speech in the Convention opposing the secession of Virginia. I was present only a few feet from where he stood, and I thought how grand his white head looked as it towered over the surging throng that hissed and yelled and groaned because he dared to oppose them. The speaker, Mr. Janney, President of the Convention, sounded the gavel again and again. When my father's speech was done, a member of the Convention, Mr. Holcomb, a violent secessionist, arose to answer him, and then the galleries cheered and yelled, clapped and stormed so that Mr. Janney

ordered them cleared. Mr. John Janney was a tall, thin old man, with snowy hair and beard, fearless and determined. Then the secessionist speaker refused to speak any more that day. He made another long speech the next day when the galleries were filled.

The night after my father's speech, a great mob paraded the streets of Richmond, with torches, visiting the hotel where he was staying, yelling, hooting, and groaning below his windows. He was playing chess at the time, and continued his game as if all were quiet. The mob threatened to burn my father and Mr. Janney in effigy. Jennings Wise made them a speech, begging them to disperse, telling them that McDowell Moore was a brave man and that everybody knew where he stood. Then the mob rushed through the streets down to the Capitol and the Governor's Mansion, yelling and screaming. "Honest John Letcher," afterwards so well known as Virginia's War Governor, was a Union man. When the mob filled the garden, John Letcher walked out to meet them on the front porch, closing the door behind him, and made them a speech. Even that wild mob was quieted by his courage and boldness.

The Convention was composed of such Union men as my father, John B. Baldwin, Robert Y. Conrad, of Winchester, Alexander Stuart, and others. At last, the secessionists found that they could do nothing with the Convention. Roger A. Pryor, a violent fire-eater and extreme secessionist, went to Charleston, South Carolina, accompanied by an old man named Ruffin, a rabid secessionist. Pryor was tall and dark like an Indian, with long black hair down on his collar. He collected a crowd of people at Charleston and told them in a fiery speech that the only way to make Virginia secede was to attack Fort Sumter. The next day, the attack was made, old Ruffin firing the first gun. Then Lincoln called for troops to invade the South, and Virginia seceded. My father did not vote for the ordinance, but after it was passed, signed it. The same night, carrying banners, transparencies, and torches, greatly rejoicing crowds paraded the streets of Richmond. The city was illuminated and cannon were fired at the Capitol Square. Governor Letcher got General Smith to come to Richmond to be his military adviser. The Governor made the nominations, and the Conven-

tion confirmed the appointments of officers for the army of Virginia. General Robert E. Lee appeared before the Convention, offering his sword to Virginia. My father expressed to me his admiration of General Lee as he appeared and spoke that day.

There was great solicitude in the Convention as to who should be put in charge at Harper's Ferry, the gateway to the beautiful Valley of Virginia, the land of plenty, which was to feed our armies. My father arose and told them that he could tell them of a man, who, if he were to defend it, would do so at all odds. He then told them that it was Thomas J. Jackson, whom he knew intimately as a professor at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington. My father told them something of Jackson's record in the Mexican War, and of one incident, when Jackson was ordered up a hill to take some breastworks. His commander sent an order for him to retreat, as the firing was too intense for any man to stand. Jackson sent back word that he would obey the second order after he had obeyed the first. He took the works and was promoted on the field. We are told that "in the whole army in Mexico, no

officer was promoted so often for meritorious conduct or made so great a stride in rank." Jackson was put in command at Harper's Ferry, and the world knows how he defended the Valley of Virginia.

Jackson left Lexington with the cadets, who became drill masters for the troops in Richmond. The Virginia Military Institute furnished many of the officers of the War. About this time, some of the young men here in Lexington raised the Rockbridge Artillery. Colonel Williamson had two sons in it, Colonel Preston one, and my husband and two of his brothers were in it. There were in it forty-seven graduates of Washington College, fifteen young men from the Episcopal Seminary near Alexandria, and many A. M. graduates of the University of Virginia. The Rector of the Episcopal Church here, Dr. William N. Pendleton, was a graduate of West Point, and he drilled them and was their captain. He went with them to Harper's Ferry to join Jackson's Brigade. When ordering them to fire, Dr. Pendleton would always cry, "Fire, boys, and the Lord have mercy on their souls." David E. Moore fired the first gun in the Valley.

Nearly all of our men in this part of the country were in the Stonewall Brigade.

Dr. Junkin, the President of Washington College, was from Philadelphia, and was a very strong Union man. Some of the students tied a secession flag to the statue of Washington that stands at the highest point on the College building. Dr. Junkin had it taken down at once. After the State of Virginia had seceded, the students put it up again, and the professors united and backed the students up, and would not allow Dr. Junkin to have it removed. Then Dr. Junkin make his preparations to leave, and with his family went back to Philadelphia. He took one daughter with him and his niece, but he left behind his oldest daughter, Mrs. Preston, and two sons who were Presbyterian preachers, and a nephew. One of his sons, William F. Junkin, raised a company of which he was captain. His nephew was in the Confederate army also, and was taken prisoner.

The students at Washington College formed a company and called it the Liberty Hall Volunteers. The ladies of the town made them a beautiful silk flag and presented it to them. Old Dr. White

prayed over them and blessed them. Some of the professors went as officers, and they joined Jackson at Harper's Ferry.

The 21st of July, 1861, the battle of Manassas was fought. We had no railroads or telegraph here before the War, but all day long on the 21st, we could hear the guns at Manassas. I think it was one hundred and fifty miles away. In the evening many of the country people came to town to ask if we had heard where the battle was. Our only communication was the great, big, lumbering stage that came in about twelve or one o'clock at night. There was a crowd of citizens gathered around it on its first arrival after the battle to hear the news from the people in the stage. Colonel Cameron was in the crowd. He had five sons in the army. As a young man climbed out of the stage, with two guns in his hands, one went off and shot three men. Colonel Cameron fell dead, and Willie McClung, a boy of sixteen, had part of his skull shot off. He lived a week. Another young man was wounded in the hand. This was a terrible shock to the community. After the excitement subsided we began to hear news of the battle. One of the first things

we heard was that our College Company was lying back of the Rockbridge Artillery and acting as their support. A shell came over and killed four of these College boys, and a number of young men from the county were killed and a number wounded. General Pendleton's son, Sandie Pendleton, was on Jackson's staff. He was a splendid young fellow, brave and true, a brilliant young man, and very kind. After every battle, he would write a letter and send it by a courier, telling of all the Lexington boys, whether safe or otherwise. One young man was mortally wounded and died on the battle field. He sent a message to his mother, saying that he was afraid that he had given her a great deal of trouble, but that he had died with his face to the enemy. A young cousin of mine who was in the College Company, died of brain fever after the battle. My cousin, William A. Anderson, was in the College Company, too. In the charge he was shot through the knee. We had no nurses and few surgeons, and he was put in a box car with a lot of other wounded men, and was sent down to Richmond. When he reached Richmond his leg was swollen up as large as his body. He was taken to

the home of his uncle, General Joseph R. Anderson, and was nursed there for many months, but he was left a cripple for life.

That summer of 1861, a large number of students from the University of Virginia came to Lexington to be drilled at the Virginia Military Institute for officers. I had two young ladies from Charlottesville staying with me and one of my cousins. Our house was very near the Institute, and it was headquarters for many of the young men, and we four ladies had a very gay time that summer, in spite of the war. One day we had a picnic at the Natural Bridge. We hired a large old stage coach that held nine people, and with several other carriages, we drove out and had our picnic under the Bridge. So many of those fine young men who were here that summer were killed during the War. And then, we hardly realized that the war was going on.

In 1863 I was on a visit with friends in Charlottesville when the battle of New Market took place. I saw an entire division of our troops come through Charlottesville. Many of the soldiers were almost barefooted, and all were poorly clothed. They were very jolly in spite of this. An old gentleman wear-

ing a stove pipe hat (silk dress hat), stood at his front gate to see them pass. As the soldiers passed by, the whole line cheered and guyed and laughed at the old gentleman and his hat, telling him to come out of the keg, to come out of that pipe, etc. General Fitz Lee was stationed at Charlottesville then. He gave a ball one night and soon after received a letter from his uncle, General Robert E. Lee, reproving him and telling him that it was no time for festivities. When I returned home from Charlottesville, as we reached Staunton, I heard of the battle of New Market, and that our Virginia Military Institute boys, just young fellows, were in the fight and saved the day. It was a most gallant fight, and six or eight of the cadets were killed. One of them, a cousin of mine, young McDowell, had dined with us just before I left home. After I reached home the cadets and officers came back. One of the officers, who had been wounded, stayed at our house. He had had part of his skull shot off. This had affected his brain, and he could not remember anything, could not read or write, and spoke very brokenly, like a Frenchman. I used to tie his head up in one of my father's large white

handkerchiefs. When we heard that the Yankees were coming and were going to burn the Institute, he was afraid that he would be taken prisoner and left. I told him that I would pass him off as my French cook. He finally recovered. The battle of New Market, of course, was a great victory. A very popular saying at that time was, that, "While we were tearing up the railroad, the Yankees were tearing down the turnpike."

In the summer there was a meeting of the Convention in Richmond, and my father went. In February, 1862, I went with my father and a party to Richmond to see Jeff Davis inaugurated President of the Confederacy. My father went on to Georgia. I stayed at the Exchange Hotel with some friends. Agnes Reid and Mattie Jordan, from Lexington were in the party. It was raining the day of the inauguration, and we took a carriage to go to see it. Mr. Davis had never been popular, and a great many people, especially in Virginia, objected to his being made President. My father never admired him, but said his state papers were fine. From the very first, General Lee was the idol of the South. My father came back from Georgia, called for me, and we returned home.

It was in 1863, after the battle of New Market, that the Yankees came to Lexington. General Grant found that the Valley of Virginia was feeding Lee's army, so Sheridan was ordered to destroy all the crops and provisions in the Shenandoah Valley from Staunton to Harper's Ferry. Sheridan not only destroyed the crops and provisions, but burned nearly all the dwelling houses as well, turning women and children out of their homes. In one county he burned sixty dwelling houses. David Hunter was ordered to come through this part of the Valley and to destroy the crops and provisions. On his way, one of his drunken soldiers tried to get into the room of a gentleman's invalid daughter. The gentleman, struggling to protect his daughter, was nearly overpowered, but his old colored cook, seeing the plight which her master was in, promptly brought him an axe, and with it he killed the soldier. Hunter hung the man for this deed.

When the Yankees reached the hills across the river from our little town, they began to shell the village. Forty houses in this town were struck. The Virginia Military Institute was in session at the time, and the cadets marched out and joined

Breckenridge's army at Lynchburg. Before they left, they brought their trunks and many of the Institute stores over to our house for safe-keeping. Many of the officers' families also brought their goods and clothes to our house, until large though it was, it was soon overflowing with all these things. Someone burned the covered bridge over the river, thinking to stop the troops, but they simply forded the river and came on. Colonel Williamson's three daughters (their mother was dead), and all their servants, came to stay at our house. They brought as many of their clothes and valuables as they could possibly carry.

The next morning the Yankees marched in and encamped all around the town. All the lots back of our house were filled with their tents. The soldiers were turned loose on the town and took anything they wanted, regardless of the people. We all buried our silver, and in many cases it remained buried throughout the war. Some people had guards, and my father, who was an old man, requested a guard for our house. Until then I had stood at the back door of the house on the porch, and kept the soldiers back, telling them that I ex-

pected them to behave as gentlemen. A great many of them were Germans, and could not speak English. One came rushing and screaming on the porch and another told him that he must behave, as there was a real lady in that house. I stood for hours in the door keeping them back. One of the Williamson girls said that it was a shame for me to have to stand there by myself, (I was only twenty-three years old), and face the dreadful creatures, so she came down to stay with me, but the first man who made a face at her, she fled upstairs and would not come down any more.

The Yankees burned the barracks and all the Institute houses, except the Superintendent's house. General Smith's daughter was extremely ill and Mrs. Smith went to Hunter and asked him to spare her house as her daughter's life was in danger. This was the only house at the Institute that was saved, except the gate-keeper's lodge. Three hundred barrels of rosin, which was used in making the gas for the Institute, and which were stored just behind the barracks, were burned when the barracks were burned. The intense black smoke and red fire were seen for miles and miles

in the country. Governor Letcher's wife was sitting in her bedroom with her baby in her arms when one of Hunter's officers opened her door and told her that the house was on fire and that she had better leave, but he told her that she could not take anything out with her. She ran to the bureau to get some clothes for her baby. The officer poured camphine in the drawer and made it blaze up in her face, so she had to leave without even a change of clothes for her infant.

We had two barrels of flour hidden in a closet under the stairs. The Yankees did not leave any food untouched; in many cases there was not a grain of food left in the house. We succeeded in keeping our two barrels of flour and when the Yankees left I sent buckets of it around to the people who did not have anything to eat.

While the enemy was here the servants were afraid to sleep out in the servant houses in the yard, so they came in the house and slept in the halls. None of us undressed or went regularly to bed while the Northren troops were here. One day in passing through the hall, I met one of our little negro servant girls, about six years old. She

was a child I always thought did not have very much sense. She stopped me and said, "Dem Yankees axe me if we got any Institute things in de house, and I say no, we aint got nothing." I could not help feeling badly about the child's lying that way, when I had tried so hard to teach her to tell the truth. All the sheep and cattle in the whole country round were killed. As the hills were covered with the dead carcasses, we were afraid that it would make the town unhealthy, but it did not. One night one of the Williamson servants came up stairs to get a candle from me. We had only candles to burn. My father hearing the noise, thought one of the Yankee soldiers had gotten in the house. He came out and Dorcus seeing him from the stairs became frightened thinking that he was a Yankee, and holding the candle high over her head cried, "Officer, here, officer here." She knew how dreadfully afraid the Yankee privates were of their officers. Of course, this commotion awakened everybody in the house. The Yankees took the bronze statue of Washington that stood in front of the Institute. This was returned from Wheeling after the War. There was a drawer filled with bonds in our

house, hidden somewhere, which they got hold of. After the War, a man from Ohio wrote my father telling him that if he would send him $500 he would return the bonds. My father fortunately had a friend in Congress from West Virginia, and he recovered the bonds without paying the $500. Guards were sent around to search all the houses for arms. At Mrs. Compton's, as the officer was going through the house, Miss Lizzie was leading the way upstairs, when suddenly a string broke and a shower of spoons and forks came raining down the steps from under her hoops. The officer was greatly amused, and kindly helped her pick them up and gave them back to her. Hoops served a great purpose in helping the ladies hide their special treasures. One friend of mine coming out from Washington during the War, brought a pair of cavalry boots tied up under her hoops, and also a hat.

When the Yankees left Lexington, at the end of three days, many of the younger negroes went with them. We were left without anything to eat except a little fried bacon and bread. My father became ill from constantly eating this. One

morning coming down the stairs, I found a nice fat partridge had flown into the hall. I ran and closed the doors as quickly as I could and had the servant man come and catch it. One of my friends, a young lady, was very superstitious and dreadfully frightened by my finding a bird in the house. She wanted me to let it go, but I told her that it was a special Providence. Old Aunt Doshia, our cook, made an excellent broth of the bird and broiled it for my father, and I really think that it saved his life.

That fall, we had the meeting of the Presbyterian Synod here in Lexington. They had been appointed to meet here before the Yankees came and when the country was in a prosperous condition. Now all was changed, and we had scarcely anything at all. We had even cut up our carpets into lengths and sent them to the camps for the soldiers to sleep on. We had sent all the bed clothes and everything that we could possibly spare from our houses to the hospitals. However, we scoured the country round for lamb and mutton and anything we could get to eat. A family of our relatives, who lived some distance in the

country, came to stay with us and brought a good many provisions with them. The preachers had the proverbial appetites, so we laughed and said, "What the Yankees left, the preachers took."

During the War, my father, his niece, Mrs. Nelson, and I, went to the Alleghany Springs near Christiansburg. We left Lexington at two o'clock P. M. in the stage and reached Bonsacks at nine the next morning, traveling all night in the lumbering old coach. We breakfasted at Bonsacks with Rucker, the celebrated Yankee spy, who had been taken prisoner. We went on to Alleghany Springs that day.

The winter of 1864 we had a great many refugees in Lexington. They came here thinking it a safe place. Several families came from Winchester, among them Mr. Lloyd Logan and his family. He had a very fine large house in Winchester. One of the Yankee generals decided to stay there himself, so the Logans had to leave and stay with friends. When Jackson came down the Valley, driving the Yankees before him, he captured the army at Harper's Ferry, and found Mr. Logan's handsome piano, silver, and other goods, had been ship-

ped north by this Yankee general. Jackson, of course, returned them to their owner. Then Mr. Logan moved up to Lexington, thinking this a safer place than Winchester. There was not much fighting that winter. General Payne's Cavalry was wintering in the County. About February Mr. Logan rented the Blue Hotel and gave a large supper party there. There was a whole roast pig at the foot of the table, and ducks, chickens, and lamb. There were all kinds of elegant meats, but very few sweets. It was a grand supper with everybody seated at a long table in the hotel dining-room. We had buckwheat cakes, sorghum molasses, and rye coffee. General Payne took me in to supper. After the supper, they cleared away the tables and we had dancing.

Shortly after this great supper, my Cousin Belle, and I went down to Richmond to visit friends. We left Lexington in one of the old lumbering stages, which held nine people. There were three ladies on the back seat, strapped in. The gentlemen were in front. We had to cross the river on the ferryboat, as the bridge had been burned. It was very cold winter weather, and they had put straw

in the bottom of the stage to keep our feet warm, and also hot bricks. As we went rumbling along with great noise and rattling of the old stage, we ladies began to smell something burning. The hot bricks had set the straw on fire. As we were strapped in on the back seat, we were in great danger, so I said quietly to one of the gentlemen, "Please stop the stage." He said, "Oh, no, we have not time to stop." I replied, "Well, you had better stop, the stage is on fire." That brought a different response, some of the gentlemen even jumping out before the stage could be stopped. I carried a large hat box of provisions with me, a big jug of molasses, butter, etc. The people in Richmond had few provisions and little to eat, and still they were giving parties and dances and enjoying themselves.

There was a great deal of complaining about Mr. Davis, Congress, etc., etc., saying that if General Lee were given control, he would do something. Davis removed Joseph E. Johnston from command in the West, August 17, 1864, and the Northern people said that that was the death blow of the Confederacy. February 9, 1865, Lee was made gen-

eralissimo and he restored Joseph E. Johnston to the command of the army in the West.

My father had written to me at Richmond that I had better come home, as he thought the War was about over. So I started with a party—my cousin, Belle, her brother-in-law, Docton William F. Junkin, old Doctor Archibald Graham, and his wife, and a young married lady who was trying to get to Staunton, and five or six gentlemen. We found the cars crowded. There were a great many exchanged prisoners sitting on the roofs of the cars, so many that they had to put props under the roofs to help hold them up. The Chesapeake and Ohio R. R. had been partly destroyed and so we came up by Highbridge and Farmville. When we reached Burksville, we had to stop there twelve hours. It was very cold, and they made a fire in a cabin for us. The next day we went on to Lynchburg. There we expected to take the canal up to Lexington, but the canal was broken and could not be used. Lynchburg is only forty miles from Lexington, and some of the younger men walked. We could not get any horses, as nearly all of them had been taken for the army. Then we heard that if

we went on to Salem there was a stage from there that went three times a week to Lexington. So we got on the train and went on to Salem. When we reached there, we found that all the seats on the stage had been engaged for three weeks. We stopped at the little hotel there for a week, and lived on bread and fried bacon. Doctor Junkin borrowed a horse and buggy from a brother preacher, and took Belle down to Buchanan, where her uncle, Colonel John T. Anderson lived, and he sent her on her way home from there. She had to leave her trunk with us. After great difficulty, we found that we could hire a common road wagon, without any springs, and two old Confederate horses, from a farmer nearby. They were two bad looking old horses. We put all the trunks in the wagon and with our shawls over our heads, for it was very cold weather, we seated ourselves on the round topped trunks, and began the journey. There was a good macadam road from Salem to Buchanan, and so we got on pretty well the first day. When we got to Buchanan we drove up to the hotel, but the man told us that he could take us in to sleep, but that he could not give us any-

thing to eat. This was a blow to us, as we had had nothing to eat all day. I remembered that my mother had a relative living near the hotel, and so I went to her house. She was very much surprised to see me and wondered where I had come from. When I arrived they were just bringing in the most delicious supper and the house was delightfully warm and comfortable. I told her about the party at the hotel and she sent a large tray over to them. I went to bed in a large old fashioned tester bed with a feather bed on it, which I found most acceptable after my ride on the trunks. The next morning my cousin sent over a tray of breakfast to the party at the hotel, and gave us an elegant lunch to take with us. The road from Buchanan to Lexington was in the most deplorable condition —great holes and ruts in it. With our poor old horses we had to drive very slowly, and the younger people had to walk up all the hills. An old lady was the only one who stayed on the wagon. Presently, as we were crossing an enormous mud hole, one of our old horses fell and we thought that he was dead. We gathered around him and lifted him up and fortunately revived the old horse, and

we went on. At last, as we went rumbling along, slowly and with great care, one of the wheels came off. We did not reach Lexington until ten o'clock at night. My father, who had not heard from me for a week or two, was greatly relieved to see me.

General Lee surrendered and the soldiers began coming in. We were awfully distressed. When we told Aunt Doshia that she was free, she informed us that indeed she was no "free nigger," and that the Yankees had nothing to do with her, and that master was never going to get rid of her. Humphrey had gone off with the Yankees and he sent word by one of the other servants that he would not have left but that Henry, the coachman, had treated him badly. During the War Henry and our wagon and horses had been impressed into service in West Virginia, and Henry was taken ill out there, and sent word to my father, and my father went after him. Henry was extremely ill after this with typhoid pneumonia.

One very cold winter Aunt Doshia who had got too old to cook, informed me that she was going to sleep in my room. I was very much shocked at this, but as she generally did as she pleased, I

made ready to receive her. I had a very large bedroom with a dressing room attached. I had a couch fixed up in the corner by the fire for Aunt Doshia and here she slept the entire winter. Instead of being in the way, she was the greatest comfort; for she always kept the open wood fire going. We had a great deal of company in the evenings and when I would go to my room I would find Aunt Doshia with a bright fire, ready to entertain me.* One night the old woman told me that somebody had told her that I was going to marry an old widower. She was highly indignant and said that I had one father and did not need another. Sometime after this I was leaving for Richmond, and she was in such distress she followed me around weeping. This worried me and I told her not to act like this, that I was not going to stay very long and that she would be taken care of if she was sick. She said, "La, child, I aint 'fraid of that, but I might die while you is gone and

*She was a brown skinned "ginger cake" color, always neat and clean, dressed in black with white apron and white handkerchief around her neck, but her turban was always made of a bright red handkerchief. I offered to give her white handkerchiefs for her head, but she said, "No, chile, that's for dead people."

nobody will take care of my funeral like yous will." She had often told me just how she wanted her funeral, and had put away an old silk dress that my mother had given her that she wanted to be buried in. When I came back from Richmond and arrived home in the middle of the night, she was the first person to meet me. It was a gratification to me to know that, when she did die, she had a big funeral.

General Lee was invited by the Board of Trustees of Washington College to be its President, and Judge Brockenbrough, who was Rector of the Board of Trustees, was appointed to go down to where General Lee was living and deliver the invitation. General Lee was then living in Cumberland County where Mrs. Cocke had offered him a place of hers, and where he had retired from Richmond with his family. Judge Brockenbrough told the Board that he really did not have clothes suitable to go to visit General Lee. Mr. Hugh Barclay, a member of the Board, had a handsome suit of broadcloth and he loaned it to Judge Brockenbrough, who, properly dressed, went down to invite General Lee to come to Lexington. General

Lee accepted the invitation, and that fall he came riding on Traveller up to Lexington to take the position of President of Washington College. Before he came, the ladies of the town had done everything they could to fix up the house for him, and they had arranged everything as well as they could. General Lee used to tell about the first night he slept in Lexington. The ladies had put ruffled pillow cases on the bed and he said that he was afraid to turn over for fear of rumpling the ruffles. When General Lee came we had two regiments of Yankee soldiers stationed here to "keep us straight." General Lee had to appear before an officer. One of the professors accompanied him and the professor asked General Lee afterward how he could be so polite to the officer when the officer had been so rude to him. General Lee replied, "I owe it to myself as a gentleman." Everybody here fairly worshipped General Lee and idolized him. After a while his family joined him here. He would often take rides through the country on Traveller. One day out on the Brushy Hills he met a man, an old soldier, who recognized him, and stopping him said, "General Lee, will

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you shake hands with me?" "Certainly," replied General Lee. Then the man drew back and said, "Now, I am going to give three cheers for you." General Lee said, "Oh, no." But the man insisted, and out there in the woods he gave three cheers as loud as he could. General Lee used to ride often with his daughter Mildred. As they would ride through the country, the children would run screaming, "Here comes General Lee, here comes General Lee." Genral Lee asked them one day how they knew him, and they replied that they had pictures of him. He was the noblest looking man I have ever seen. None of his portraits do him justice. His manners, dress, and everything about him were perfection. My father became ill one spring and every morning General Lee came and inquired of me how he was. He had only been in Lexington a very short time before he seemed to know everyboy, especially the children. Every child would run out to speak to him. The country people would send him the finest turkeys, ducks, etc., that they raised on their farms, for they all loved him.

An old lady of most doleful countenance, never

known to smile, was having her portrait painted, and the artist, a young man calling on General Lee, was asked how he was getting on with the portrait? He said the family did not like it, they thought the expression was not bright and animated enough. General Lee with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Well, Captain, did it ever strike you that Mrs. N. had a very jolly face?" A cousin of mine met General Lee one day and he told her to tell me not to marry a certain young man, that he was too small a man for me, and suggested two others he thought would be better.

The students began coming in very fast to the College from all parts of the South to be under General Lee. A great many of the Southern people wanted to build General Lee a home. When they told him of this, he wrote a letter declining, and said that he could not accept anything like that from them, but if they chose to build a president's house for the College, he would live in it during his lifetime. After that, the reconstruction days came, and the Southern people had no money, so they were not able to raise the money for the house. When the president's house was finally

built, the College paid for it from its own funds and it cost $20,000. General Lee and his son, Custis, planned it and had it built. When General Lee's health failed, the Trustees of the College had a meeting and offered him the house for himself and family always. General Lee again declined it, saying that his children could take care of their mother and that the house should always be the president's. One day I was calling on Mrs. Lee. This was after General Lee's death. The trustees had offered the presidency of the College to General Custis Lee, who was a professor at the Virginia Military Institute. I said that I hoped that General Custis would take the place, and Mrs. Lee said that she hoped so too, but that he did not feel that he was equal to it, but she thought that he was. She also remarked, that unless Custis did take the place, she would not think of living in that house, as it ought always to be the president's house. However, Custis did accept the presidency. General Lee only lived five years in Lexington. The spring before he died, he and one of his daughters took a trip to Florida. He had a perfect ovation all along the way. People would

collect at the railroad stations just to catch a glimpse of him.

During the War, Governor Letcher gave Colonel Smith the title of General, and then the other professors were made Colonels. After the new barracks and the professors' houses were built, General Smith had the old superintendent's house pulled down and then put up a much larger and handsomer building for the superintendent further back from the street, but all were burned by Hunter, except, as I have said before, the Superintendent's house and the gate-keeper's lodge. Afterwards the cadets and officers all went to Richmond and carried on the school at the Alms House there. This was during the last winter of the War. After the War General Smith began the school here again with fifteen cadets, and they recited in the offices of the superintendent's house and boarded in the town. Of course, later on many more cadets came in and General Smith, in order to help rebuild the barracks, made each of the professors give up a part of his salary. Years afterwards the Legislature repaid them for all the salary that they had given up for this cause. General Shipp was Com-

mandant at the time, and he advanced the money to build the house he was to occupy as Commandant.

Colonel Williamson, and Colonel Gilham were among the first professors at the Institute. The Williamsons were my dear friends. The Colonel had three daughters and two sons. They lost their mother just before I lost mine. Colonel Williamson married again, a lovely sweet woman, and she had one son, who is now a distinguished man. The old Colonel was honest, true, and brave, and all of his descendants have inherited these qualities. The last of his first wife's children, Olympia, beautiful and bright, has just passed away, July, 1919. Some of the other professors were Colonel Thomas M. Semmes, Captain John M. Brooke, General G. W. C. Lee, eldest son of General Lee, and Commodore Matthew F. Maury. Commodore Maury was a most agreeable man, and his charming family were very much liked.

General Smith had a store and paid the professors in dry goods and groceries, and in that way he added to the fund for rebuilding the barracks, messhall, etc. Many of the cadets paid their bills, but

many did not, which left the Institute with a very heavy debt, though there were at least 350 cadets at one time. General Smith got the Institute in good condition and all the buildings finished, and everything was very prosperous, when the readjusters or repudiators of the State debt appeared, and gave General Smith a great deal of unnecessary trouble, nearly ruining the Institute. General Smith devoted fifty years of his life to the Institute. He had many trials, and in his last days the Board of Visitors called him to account for bad management and extravagance when he had done all that mortal man could do to make the school a success.

Colonel Preston owned his own house in the village. At that time there were no houses between the two institutions, except our house, and my father let General Williamson have a lot on which he and his son, Thomas, built a house themselves. They did not have much money, so built three rooms in a row which made it look like a tenpin alley. As time went on and the Colonel had a little money he would add another room, the first one added being across one end of the house

making a parlor, and later he added a front porch, and then other rooms until he got enough room for his large family of children and grandchildren, and I never saw a happier family.

General Pendleton, Rector of the Episcopal Church in Lexington, went in the War as a Captain of the Rockbridge Artillery. He was promoted and came out of the War a Brigadier General. At the close of the War he returned to his Church and in conducting the services would not pray for the President of the United States. One Sunday he said things not pleasant to the United States officers who were in the Church, so after service they arrested him and put him on parole and closed the church for several months. His only son, Sandie, a splendid young man on Stonewall Jackson's staff, was killed very near the close of the War. He had taken part in many battles. General Pendleton was a very handsome man and bore a striking resemblance to General Lee.

In October, 1870, I went to Richmond. I left Lexington for Lynchburg on a canal boat. We had no railroads at that time and it took us all night to reach Lynchburg, as the water was so low in

the canal that we stuck on a sandbar. There were twenty-one locks in the canal in twenty miles. As we arrived in Lynchburg in the morning, having taken all night to go forty miles, I saw the train that we expected to take for Richmond, just leaving. I called out to everybody to come on deck so that when the train crew would see what a crowd there was they would come back for us, which they did. My cousins, Mr. Alexander Bruce's family, Dr. T. L. Preston's family, and Dr. Junkin's family, had been spending the summer in Lexington. We who were going on to Richmond ran and got in the cars quickly and went on to that city. That was the last boat and the last train for several weeks. Tremendous rains began in the mountains; the canal and dams were almost destroyed; railroads and bridges were washed away by a great flood which came rushing down the river. Not a drop of rain fell in Richmond, but telegrams from Lynchburg warned them that the flood was coming. The lower part of the city was flooded and I saw people climbing out of second story windows into boats. I was in Richmond for a cousin's wedding, and while I was away, General

Robert E. Lee died on the 12th of October, 1870. In the fall merchants and others were in the habit of having their goods brought up to Lexington in boats on the canal, and there was great destruction, the banks of the canal being strewn with furniture and all kinds of goods. A handsome casket for General Lee was found floating on the river. The covered bridge over North River at Lexington was swept down the river. It struck and smashed a large warehouse full of goods and carried everything before it down the stream.

We young people in Lexington used to have boating parties on the river, and sometimes we went by moonlight. There was a high dam about a mile from the covered bridge, "at the point," and we had a fine stretch of water to row on. One very cold winter we had a sheet of very thick ice for a long time, which was unusual here, for sometimes for three or four winters the river does not freeze at all, and every day a great many persons went down to the river to skate; students and cadets, and many young ladies learned how to skate. Mary Lee was spending the winter here with her mother, and she used to go every day and

sometimes all day long. Crowds of town people who did not take part in the skating would go down to look on.

Mrs. Lee was a great sufferer from rheumatism and was helpless many years before she came here. She lived three years after General Lee died, and her daughter Agnes died just three weeks before her mother did. Mrs. Lee was a very interesting and intelligent woman, as were also her daughters.

On the 17th of September, 1875, my father died. I spent the winter in Richmond, then went to Charlottesville, and then spent the month of May at "Berry Hill," Mr. Alexander Bruce's home in Halifax county. In 1876 I went to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The rest of the summer I spent at Capon Springs.

## MY FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE

On October 11, 1876, I sailed for Europe. We left New York in the Bothina, Cunard Line, and reached Liverpool October 21st, after a rough voyage and ten days' seasickness. We stayed at the Adelphia Hotel until Monday, the 23rd. I was too ill to notice anything very much and I thought I should die on the way to London, I was in such an exhausted condition. When I looked out of the car window on the bright green fields and the sheep feeding, I repeated over and over again to myself, "The Lord is my shepherd, * * * Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. * * *." Oh, what a comfort that Psalm was to me when I felt so desolate and dying in a foreign land.

We reached London in a fog, the rain pattering down, and the lady we expected to meet us was nowhere to be seen. We went to the Euston Hotel and remained there two nights. The servants were neat and obliging, but the rooms although

neat and nicely furnished seemed damp and cheerless with only candles to light them. We went from there to Miss Moore's boarding house, 21 A, Hanover Square, and I soon was established on a lounge in a comfortable room with a bright fire, looking out on the dark houses and tall chimneys which seemed to be packed in not very clean wool, —indeed the fog had exactly the appearance of dirty wool. I was only well enough to drive out once through Hyde Park, which was lovely, green and bright in the pale sunlight. The houses and streets were very handsome, but all looked dark and damp. The carriages were, very many of them, different from ours in America. I drove in a funny little buggy with the driver perched up behind, the reins going over our heads to the unseen driver. This was a Hansom cab, afterwards common in America.

I remained in London until November 3rd, then went to Dover, where I stayed all night at the Harp Hotel, very good, but like everything else in England, seemed damp to me. I crossed the Channel November 4th, and took the train for Brussels. The country was green, but the houses

and cottages are not like ours. Soon the windmills began to appear on the hill tops, like giants stretching their long arms up against the sky. We reached Brussels at ten or eleven o'clock at night. We were a party of five ladies. Our leader spoke in French to some men, asking them where the Hotel Windsor was. She had the baggage put on a cart, four men took hold of it and started off at a rapid pace, our leading lady telling us to follow, as the hotel was just around the corner. We followed the baggage to the corner and past a great many other corners, our baggage getting further and further ahead of us; we breathless, tearing after, as fast as our strength would allow; our leader, a strong English woman, keeping in front, while the rest of us struggled along, I bringing up the rear, weak and faint. The baggage, men, and all disappeared entirely from our view, and we five lone females were left lamenting in the almost deserted streets of the first really foreign city we had ever been in, for in England, of course, we felt more at home among English speaking people. We looked in vain for a carriage, and when we stopped to inquire our way at a shop which was

lighted at that late hour, we could make none of the people understand us; so we again took up the line of march and soon encountered a policeman, upon whom we five unprotected females immediately pounced. We explained in all languages known to us that we wished to go to the Hotel Windsor. He pointed out the direction, and said he would show us the way, at least we understood him to say so, and when he started off we all frantically followed, but he distanced all pursuers and like the baggage, disappeared from view, leaving us struggling up a steep, dark, narrow, old street, faint and weary. We continued on in the direction which had been pointed out to us, and soon discovered another policeman. We not only spoke to him, but laid hold of him, our Englishwoman taking his arm, and calling on us to follow, made him show us the way. We weaker mortals, panting and stumbling along, sometimes losing sight of our leaders entirely, sometimes catching a glimpse of them standing waiting for a moment while we toiled up the steep streets, until at last we beheld our beloved long lost trunks on the cart, standing in front of the Hotel Windsor, while proprietor,

family, waiters, and baggagemen stood around them wondering what had become of the owners. We were soon comfortable in the hotel, which was a good one, low priced, and in an excellent situation in the higher part of the city near the King's palace and the park.

The park or square is very pretty. All of the finest statuary was wrapped in straw to prevent the severe cold of the winter from injuring it. When I was there, near the first of November, the weather was quite cold and a good fire was necessary for our comfort. We had some fine weather, and some rain. We went through many of the old streets; saw the old fountain, the Manikin west of the Hotel de Ville, or town hall, and saw a marriage performed there. We were told that all marriages in Brussels must be performed at the Hotel de Ville, then in a church, if desired. We took our seats in a room where were a few other people; three soldiers were standing guard near the entrance. A kind of stage or rostrum ran entirely across the end of the room, with a high-back chair and desk, and square stools arranged in front of it, in a semi-circle. Presently we heard a little

stir and a light haired woman, fair and fleshy, in black with trained dress, black velvet cloak and bonnet with white plume, white roses and tulle strings, walked in with an elderly man; behind them came a slender looking man, leading in a large red faced lady in trailing silk dress and black lace shawl; the bride's mother, I suppose. Three or four other people came in with them, and very soon afterwards an old usher threw open the wide folding doors opposite the stage, and a very big man, all dressed in uniform, sword by his side, cocked hat and plumes, red sash and white gloves, stalked in grandly, touching his hat to the guards, who saluted profoundly, walked up the steps, and seated himself in the high-backed chair. An assistant came forward and ordered the bridal couple to take the two stools in front of the big man, while the parents and two friends took their seats on the stools on either side of them. The big man read them a lecture, then they made promises, put on rings, signed papers, and were married in the most businesslike manner.

We went down into the old town square or market place, with the quaint, queer old houses looking

down upon it, just as they have for so many years; they look dark and old, but tell no tales of the days gone by. But there just opposite the Hotel de Ville, is a grand monument which tells a glorious story of how in the past two of the noblest men that ever lived, died here on this very spot for their country and their freedom. Egmont and Horne died here, while the Duke of Alva looked on from a window of that dreary old house just behind the scaffold, where now stands the monument with figures of the two heroes in locked embrace on top of it, dressed in full armor, looking so noble, so fearless and bold. Twenty-five noblemen were executed at the same time in 1568. On either side of the pedestal stands a statue of a soldier in full armor, as if to guard the sacred spot. It was hard to realize the dreadful days of yore, when the noble martyrs' blood was poured out here to serve as seed to the harvest of liberty and freedom. Now the sun shines brightly, the same blue sky, the same old houses on which the noble heroes gazed their last, are looking down on us, while busy, merry crowds pass here and there through the square, and peasant women in bright colored

clothes and wooden shoes, sit at their fruit and flower stands, making a pretty bright picture in the old place.

I went to see the Wertz Gallery and was convinced that Wertz was a madman. I saw huge pictures of gigantic angels, devils, gods and goddesses. His subjects were taken from Homer and Milton, and showed wonderful power of a certain kind. One of the smaller paintings represent Napoleon Bonaparte standing cool and composed with arms folded, in the flames of hell, while he is surrounded by widows and orphans who upbraid him and hold up mutilated arms and dishes of blood for him to look at. Wertz had a taste for the horrible. He seemed to paint windows and doors and recesses with people looking out of them, a great deal, and sometimes it was difficult to believe there was not a door or window where he had painted one. I saw some quite pretty pictures. We went to the museum of pictures and saw a great many curious old paintings of the Dutch school, and a great many other pictures, some of them very fine, others very horrible, of martyrdoms. Some old portraits interested me very much. The gallery is a very handsome one.

We also visited the Parliament buildings which are very handsome and in excellent taste. We went to the palace of the Duke of Orange; saw a good deal of statuary and some good paintings and a handsome ballroom with some quite good modern paintings in it. We went to see the great Cathedral, which is badly situated and not a handsome building, although it is very extensive. A very handsome equestrian statue of the old Crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon, stands opposite the handsome church of St. Jacques, Sir Condenburge. Nearby is the King's palace on the park. All around the park are wide streets with very handsome public buildings and palaces facing the park, and very beautiful streets with fine houses are in this, the Court end of the city. We went to see lace made, and looked at a great variety of beautiful laces. One woman was making a point lace fan for the Paris Expositioin which took place in 1878; it takes two years to make a fan with an elaborate pattern such as the one I saw. The poor women generally lose their sight about middle life, and the powder used for bleaching the lace (which

becomes very yellow from being worked with so long), is very injurious to the health. How horrible it seemed to be ruining the eyesight of these poor wretches. We walked up and down through the fine Gallery St. Flubert, which is 690 feet long and sixty-four feet high and twenty-six wide. It is paved with marble, and covered with glass, with rows of handsome shops on either side; a beautiful arcade. We enjoyed looking at the magnificent display in the windows. The shops of Brussels have a very excellent and handsome display of goods at very moderate prices.

Several times we saw the king driving in his open carriage, with four horses and two outriders.

We first saw dogs made useful by pulling carts, at Brussels, and it looked so queer to me to see a muzzled dog hitched to a cart filled with milk cans, or bread, or stones, while a peasant woman in short dress, wooden shoes, bright-colored stockings and handkerchief tied over her head, walked along beside the cart. Sometimes two or even three dogs were hitched to one cart. The tram-way, or street cars, in Brussels are very nice.

We went from Brussels to Antwerp on the 10th

of November, 1876. We passed Vilvoord, where William Tyndale was confined for two years, and then burned for translating the Scriptures into English and distributing them in England.

We went to a hotel near the station at Antwerp, but found that it was not a very good one, though we had comfortable rooms. The weather was cold and raw, a light snow falling during the night. We took a carriage and drove about to see the city. We saw a great many men; fine houses being built; a pretty park; and handsome monument; but I was more interested in the old part of the city, with its narrow streets, and quaint, queer old houses. I noticed all along the streets mirrors fastened out in front of the windows of the upper stories of the dwelling houses, so that the inmates could see everything in the street below, without the trouble of leaning out. We passed through the fruit markets, and saw a great many peasants in their very picturesque costumes. The women all wore wooden shoes, bright-colored stockings, short dresses, white lace caps, and queer bonnets of straw, shaped like flower pots, trimmed with a wide bow of ribbon fastened on the back of them and with ribbon

ends hanging down to their waists. They looked like Mother Hubbards, with their tall bonnets. I saw one old woman riding on the top of her cart-load of baskets, her bonnet making the point of the pyramid, three dogs pulling the cart, and a young man walking by the cart driving the dogs. These peasants are good natured, healthy looking, red-faced, broad, stout people. Rubens was accustomed to seeing warm flesh tints, no wonder he made his figures coarse and red, when he had such models before him all the time.

We went to the Museum which had a finer collection of paintings than that of Brussels. Most of the pictures in the two Museums are by the same painters. I saw a great many by Rubens. His pictures disgust me by their coarseness, but he was a wonderful painter. His picture of Christ crucified between two thieves, is the mose powerful of all his works, I think, but the agony and writhing of one of the thieves is horrible, so true to nature that I almost expected to hear him shriek. A Crucifixion by Van Dyke struck me as very beautiful in its refinement and subdued coloring; but I turn from the wonderful, powerful, and horrible church

pictures to the bright mystic scenes of Teniers. I think Rubens the greatest of the Flemish painters and most powerful, but his pictures do not give me pleasure. Van Dyke's I like better, and many paintings by other artists I thought very fine. Some of Rembrant's portraits are magnificent. I saw a man in the Museum at Antwerp, who had no arms, copying a picture. He sat in a high chair and held the brush between the toes of his right foot, and the pallet with his left foot, of course, he had off his shoes, and the toes of his stockings were cut off. He seemed to use the brush well, and was making quite a good copy of the picture. I observed him while seeming to look at the paintings near him.

I went to the Cathedral which is a very large, handsome, Gothic building. We walked about a great deal through the city, and saw remnants of its former glory, and of its present prosperity and improvement.

We went from Antwerp to Cologne on the 12th of November, 1876. We stopped at Aix-la-Chapelle three hours. We walked to the Cathedral and saw the tomb of Charlemagne, which is a large marble slab in the floor of the Cathedral in front of the

altar, with the inscription "Carlo Magno" on it. A bronze candelabra presented by Frederick Barbarossa hangs just over the tomb.

We reached Cologne Saturday evening, the 12th of November, and went to the Hotel du Dome, a good hotel near the station and to the Cathedral, the latter of which is the one object of great interest at Cologne. We had comfortable rooms, I had a fire made in my stove. All day Sunday I stayed closely in the house, for a bitter cold wind blew snow and hail about and the people going past to the Cathedral seemed nearly frozen and hardly able to walk for the wind. Monday the weather was warmer, so we took a carriage and drove through the principal parts of the city, holding handkerchiefs to our noses, for the odor of the streets was most unpleasant, and we each bought a bottle of Cologne water. The streets were wet and muddy from the melted snow, but seemed otherwise clean. We went to the Church of St. Ursula and saw quantities of bones said to be the bones of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgin attendants, who were slain here on their return from a pilgrimage to Rome, when they were on their way to their homes in England.

We went into the great Cathedral and I thought I had never seen any building so beautiful, so grand, so magnificent. The fine Gothic arches and noble columns were the grandest I had ever seen. To stand and look down the long lines of columns with the graceful arches rising from them, away, away up, over my head, every line, every curve in most beautiful harmony and proportion, was a rare treat to my eyes. The exterior is as beautiful as the interior; the graceful slender spires rising high above the roof, handsome windows, doors and heavy stone arches, all beautifully proportioned, making one grand, magnificent, sublime object of perfect beauty.

We took our meals in a nice dining-room, adjoining which was a large concert room. On Sunday night a concert was given and a great many people seemed to be present. I retired to my room, the music being too profane for Sunday.

The next evening the Mayor of the city gave a large entertainment in the hall, which we saw a great deal of from the dining-room. It was the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, the anniversary of his daughter's marriage, and the betrothal of his

younger daughter. There was a stage across one end of the room and long tables were placed down the whole length of the hall, two or three rows of them. Plates and glasses and black bottles all along the edges of the tables, pyramids of flowers and cake decorated the center. The guests sat in chairs close around the tables, ate, drank, and smoked, then all would lean back in their chairs and sing, each person holding a paper with a copy of the words of the song, I suppose. There was a very good orchestra in the hall to play the accompaniments and they played pretty waltzes and other pieces, then some of the people would leave the tables and waltz in the empty space between them and the wall. A great many speeches were made, the speaker rising from his seat. Eating and drinking filled up all the pauses. The entertainment was kept up until late. Long after I had slept I awoke and heard music and dancing still going on.

We left Cologne on November 15, 1876, and went up the Rhine to Mayence, reaching Frankfort on the train that night. We had a bright, lovely day to go up the Rhine; the water was clear and the mountains purple in the sunlight. The Rhine

seemed a small river, but the scenery is very beautiful, and the veil of romance and sentiment thrown over it all made the trip most interesting. The old ruins seemed placed on the very spots best suited to produce a picturesque effect. Every point had some historical or legendary association, and even the little town of Bingen with its vine clad hills brought up Mrs. Norton's beautiful lines, while Byron's matchless words were constantly in my mind all the way. I was like one in a dream, and felt like shaking myself and saying, "Is this really the Rhine, are those beautiful mountains and gray old ruins the ones I have heard and read of, but most surprising of all, is this really me, myself, is it I, my very self, seeing all this with my own eyes and drinking in all this beauty with my whole being, with Byron's beautiful ideas and words to describe it and express it for me?"

We reached Frankfort in the afternoon of the 15th of November, and went to the Frankfort Hoff, a new and very excellent and handsome hotel. The next morning we attended to a little shopping, and found nice shops, very fine goods, and prices moderate. We then took a long walk through the city,

and we met a gentleman whom some of the ladies asked the way to the Romer, where the Emperors used to be elected and where the new Emperor and his electors used to show themselves to the people from the balcony. The decorations, etc., date from 1740. The gentleman was very polite and insisted in very good English, on showing us the way. He walked with us to the old square, pointed out many objects of interest, and took us into the Romer, or Kaisersaal or Imperial Hall. He then said he would take us to an old stone bridge built by Charlemagne. It was much impressed by the solid old structure with its arches looking as if they would stand as long as the world stands. We walked back to our hotel another way, our guide telling us of many very interesting places, and accompanying us to the door of the hotel.

We took the tram-way late in the afternoon and went out to the Palm Garden, a pretty park with large hot houses and a fine concert hall. It is situated just out of the city. We saw the hot houses with their beautiful palms and flowers, and then took our seats at one of the small round tables in the concert hall, which was brilliantly lighted by a

magnificent chandelier and gass jets. Galleries supported by columns ran all around the hall, except at the end opposite the door where was the place for the band on a raised gallery. Little tables with chairs at them were placed all over the hall and along the gallery, and very soon every place was taken in the large hall by nice looking, handsomely dressed people. Waiters ran about receiving orders; every one began to eat meats, salads, ices, cakes, pies, and vegetables, and drink beer or wine, the most beautiful music being played by the band all the while. Then ladies took out their knitting or embroidery, and a cloud of tobacco smoke testified that nearly every man in the room was smoking. As hungry as I was, for I had had no dinner, I would drop my knife and fork to listen to the exquisite music, while my German neighbors plied their knives all the time; for all the Germans I have seen at the table eat with their knives, running them into their mouths in a truly alarming manner. An entrance fee is charged at the gate of the Parbrean, then you pay the waiter for dinner, or other refreshments you order. We had nice beef-steak and other very good food, and wound up with ice-cream.

We left Frankfort November 17th, and rode in the cars twelve hours to Berlin. The country is not particularly interesting, parts of it are pretty and some of the towns we passed through interesting from associations of Weimar and Goethe. We reached Berlin at night. We could not speak German, and no one at the station could speak anything else, but the officials looked at our baggage and tickets, then put us in charge of a man with a brass plate on his coat, and we tried to make him understand with the assistance of a huge helmeted policeman what hotel we wished to go to. Just then a little man, a traveler, came up, and in good English offered to assist us. Oh, wasn't I glad to hear the English tongue! At Berlin things are done with military precision, and in less than ten minutes after the cars arrived, passengers, baggage, and even ourselves were sent out of the station in the quickest, most quiet manner. We went to the Hotel du Rome, were asked tremendous prices for rooms, and then were given some, a little lower priced, but not nice, and besides, the inevitable feather bed. I removed that nuisance, and by dint of pantomime made the chambermaid un-

derstand I must have sheets and blankets, which were very soon produced. We ate a la carte, and were charged extra for milk to put in our coffee, and butter for our bread, and soon we found that the people at that hotel were trying to take advantage of us in every possible way, so we found one much more reasonable and more comfortable.

We took long drives through the city. Saw the handsome palaces and public buildings, and the very handsome statue and monument to Frederick the Great, which stands in the Park. The column has a beautiful statue of Victory on top, made of brass cannon taken from the French during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870.

We spent one day at Potsdam, and saw Frederick the Great's new palace where Queen Victoria's eldest daughter lives. She is the wife of Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia. We met her riding on horseback, with her two young daughters and a gentleman. She is fat, fair, rosy, and good looking. We went through the most interesting parts of the palace, and then drove on to Sans Souci, beautifully situated, and most interesting from its associations. We saw the large chair in which the Great Fred-

erick died, standing at the window, where he looked his last out over the splendid view of the beautiful country. We saw many other residences of princes, kings and emperors, but none of then interested me like those associated with the greatest of all Prussian Kings, Frederick the Great. An English lady who was travelling with us seemed very much suprised at my knowledge of the history of the reigning families of Germany, and I told her I had read Carlyle's history of Frederick the Great. One of the greatest treats we had at Berlin was going to the opera.

From Berlin we went to Dresden, where we had very cold weather and snow, but enjoyed the splendid picture galleries much more than the galleries at Brussels and Antwerp. The Sistine Madonna is by far the most beautiful of all the Madonnas; it is worth going from America to Dresden to see.

In November, 1876 we went to Vienna, where it was still cold. We went to a large, handsome hotel, and I had a large room with a huge porcelain stove in the corner, round and tall like a monument. I ordered fire, which seemed to be made from the out-

Sallie Alexander Moore
In 1880, then forty years old

side in the hall. I could hear them pouring coal in, and although after waiting for some time, there was no heat. I called again for fire, then I had to ring a third time, but never got any heat that day. I went to bed very cold, covering with the feather bed provided, steamer rug and everything I had. I awoke late in the night, nearly suffocated with the heat. The monument had become hot. I threw off the feather bed and rushed to the window, which had double sashes, two opening inside and two outward, and a great cushion like bolster between the two sashes. All the windows I saw in Vienna had these double sashes and cushions between them. That heat lasted me the whole time I was there, and when I left they sent me a bill for three fires.

Vienna is a beautiful city, and we took a carriage and drove all about to see the sights. We went to see the Emperor's stables. One stable had the white horses from Hanover for the Emperor's carriage, to be used on state occasions, and another stable was filled with cream colored horses for the Empress. There were large stables full of the most beautiful horses and ponies from everywhere, and every stall had fastened in front of it the pedigree of the horse it contained.

From Vienna we went to Trieste, a beautiful city on the Adriatic. Situated near Trieste is Miramare on the Sea, the home of the ill-fated Maxmillian, former Emperor of Mexico. It has the most beautiful palace and grounds, indeed it was the most homelike palace I saw anywhere.

From Trieste we went on to Venice, crossing the Sea at night, and reaching Venice a dark rainy morning, everything dismal, the black gondolas looking like hearses, came to meet us and took us to a very nice hotel, but when the sun came out everything was glorified and beautiful. I tried to take a nap after being awake all night, but it was so quiet I could not sleep after being in cities with cobble stone pavements, horses and vehicles. I arose and from a balcony watched men bring a boat load of fresh water and fill a cistern in a court-yard opposite, (across the canal)—just an open boat full of water. The men dipped buckets of water and poured them into the cistern. Their feet were bare and they got a good washing for once.

We stayed two weeks in Venice. While there I heard the beautiful Oratorio of Moses in Egypt, the Italian language being so beautiful with music, so

different from the German. We went in gondolas, and when we came out they called the numbers, just as we do carriages in other cities. St. Mark's Cathedral and Piazza are beautiful, especially at night; columns and arches all around the square and a lamp in every arch. The shops are brilliantly lighted all around the square also. We went into the Old Council of Ten, and through the Bridge of Sighs into the prison. The Bridge of Sighs has two narrow pathways divided by a partition. We took long excursions in the gondolas through the Grand Canal and round the lagoons.

Then we went to Florence and spent December there. I had letters from Mildred Lee and from Bishop Richard Wilmer, introducing me to people in different places, who were very nice to us. We stayed at Madame Jotties, a good little Italian woman. Florence is a most beautiful and interesting city. We spent much time in the Pitti and Uffizi Picture Galleries.

Driving in the park I met the Empress Eugenie, former Empress of France, in an open carriage. I also met a gentleman driving an open vehicle with twelve fine bay horses and two footmen mounted

up behind his carriage. He was driving through one of the narrow streets without side-walks, and I had to take refuge in a doorway. When I came back to Madam Jotties, I asked her if it was the King or who it was, she laughed and said. "No, indeed, it is not the King, but an American." He had formerly driven sixteen horses and the government of the city had to limit him to twelve, and they were afraid it was dangerous. This was in 1876. I was in Florence again some years later and he was driving sixteen horses. He had told the authorities that he would leave the city if they would not let him have more than twelve horses. I was seated on a bench in the park one day and saw him driving around the circle very rapidly and it was a beautiful sight to see the sixteen bay horses with their bright and burnished harness. After I left there, I saw in one of the English papers that his sixteen horses had become frightened in the park, and torn through the narrow streets of the city, upsetting vehicles and doing a great deal of damage, and he was thrown out.

I went from Florence to Rome about the first of January. I had many friends in Rome. I met Doc-

tor Edward P. Terhune and his family there, his wife was Marian Harland, the writer. I also met the Taylors from Virginia who were missionaries in Rome. Also met Mrs. Haxall, of Richmond, Virginia, and Mrs. Amoss who was a sister of Dr. Zolikoffer.

Rome to me was the most interesting place in the world; the ruins, pictures, sculpture, museum, and music were all so wonderful, and as I settled myself for several month I could enjoy that at my leisure. The museums at the Vatican were most interesting, and when I would get tired I would go into St. Peters. In cool weather it was always warm and in warm weather it was always cool, it seemed to have its own temperature. One day while I was resting in St. Peter's some ladies came up where I was and finding I was from America, asked me if I knew any of Commodore Maury's family, that they had heard some of the family were in Europe and they wanted to find them, as they knew them. I told them they were at Nice, and I gave them their address. They had been in Rome just the week before.

After Easter I saw fourteen people, mostly wo-

men, going up the Santa Scalla (Holy Stairs) on their knees; there were rough boards put on the marble steps to protect them, and people must climb up on their knees without using their hands and say all of the prayers of the Rosary on each step. It takes four hours to climb them. Mrs. Terhune's good maid Rose, was made ill by it, as the place is very cold. Martin Luther tried to ascend these steps, and when he got half way up he thought of a text, "The just shall live by faith." He got up and came away. I saw many people kissing the toe of the bronze statue of St. Peter in St. Peter's. Many women wiped it with their handkerchiefs before kissing it. The toe was partly worn away. Neither the Terhunes nor myself were presented to Pope Pius IX, but Rose was.

One day when driving through one of the streets of Rome I passed where a very handsome house was being built and fifteen workmen were standing in a row eating their dinner, which consisted of a chunk of dark bread and an orange, except one man, who had a lump of dates instead of an orange. At San Remo in Italy I saw women carrying stones on their heads to build houses with; they

carried all of the mortar up to the workmen. I often met two women walking abreast carrying large bags of flour on their heads, and I saw long lines of women coming down the mountains with large baskets of oranges on their heads, and they even carried our trunks on their heads. The women wind the cloth around the top of their heads, making a mat to protect their heads. The Italians who made the St. Gothard tunnel were only paid sixty cents a day and furnished their own food once a day, which consisted of polento, (our grits). I could get a good dressmaker for thirty cents a day in Rome.

One day we joined a party and went down into the Pope's treasury and saw all of his jewels; the triple crown, coronation robes of Charlemange, and a great many more magnificent jewels of all kinds. Sometimes we would spend a day on the Capitol Hill, and one night we visited the Coliseum and Pantheon by moonlight. Sometimes, in the afternoons, we would go out on the Pincion Hill and there would be crowds of people there to hear the band play, and one afternoon we saw King Victor Emanuel First of Italy. The Royal Guards were

the most magnificent men I ever saw. The first one I saw seemed to be a giant with his magnificent uniform and helmet. I remarked to one of my friends that I was sure that he was Goliath. The Italian officers are very handsome, they use a good deal of gold braid which is very becoming to their dark beauty. I used to see the Bersagliere, the advance guard of the Italian army, going through the streets double quick, all of them with cock plumes on their hats waving in the air. Very often I met Princess Margarita, and Prince Humbert, and their little son, who is now the King of Italy, all of them in their separate carriages. One day I went on an excursion out to Tivoli. The scenery around Rome is very beautiful. The Apennines remind me very much of our Blue Ridge Mountains, and the Campania, which I had imagined a vast plane, I found a very undulating country.

The ancient arches of masonry which support the aqueducts, extending across the country, four of which are still in use, are very beautiful. The pipes are said to be large enough for a man to crawl through. They bring the water from the mountains, eighteen miles distant, to Rome, to

supply her many beautiful fountains, it being the purest water in Europe and the only place where I dared drink any water at all.

When the Carnival began I was invited to a balcony on the Corso, the principal street in Rome. The Carnival lasted about two weeks and would begin every day about two o'clock. From this balcony I could see all the processions, the throwing of confetti, etc.; we were protected by wire masks over our faces. One day when I was leaning over the balcony rail gazing down below into the crowd, someone struck me right in the face with a huge bouquet, but fortunately I had my wire mask. It was the jolliest, most good humored crowd I ever saw, and never a drunken man among them. I never saw a drunken man on the Continent, where they drink the light wines and beer. One morning during the Carnival we were driving down the streets going sightseeing, and we met a funeral procession led by a body of Capuchin monks in their long brown coats and sandalled feet, singing the most melancholy dirge, followed by a hearse and procession of carriages. It seemed so strange in that street with the houses so gaily decorated.

Afterwards we heard that the lady who had died was a very wealthy banker's wife and had had her house beautifully decorated for the Carnival in Japanese hangings, and she herself dressed as a Japanese woman. She had died suddenly with heart trouble in the midst of the festivities.

I had gone to Naples for a week or two in January, and we went again in the spring. Of course, everybody knows Naples is the most beautiful place—the Italians say, "See Naples and die." And I feel sure that it is one of the most beautiful places in the world. I stayed at the Hotel Britanic on the heights on the Corso Victor Emanuel which was kept by Madam McPherson, a Scotch woman; she was the head of the house, keeping office, books, etc., while her husband occupied the position of head waiter. He was a very fine looking man and as he marched in at the head of the line of waiters, each dressed in evening clothes, he looked like a count or a lord. They always had a table d'hote dinner, with changing of plates and knives and forks at every course which takes up much time, and often during the dinner we would have the most beautiful music in the hall; there were a

group of performers on the harp, violins and mandolins, and one man had a most beautiful voice.

One day we went out to Capri, three hours out from Naples, and these same musicians were on the boat. It was a beautiful day, the water clear and bright, and dolphins jumping up and down spouting water, made rainbows. When we reached Capri, of course the first thing we did was to go to the Blue Grotto, and we got off the steamer into little boats where we had to lie down and be pushed into the Grotto. Afterwards we landed on the other side of the Island, and mounted donkeys and rode up over the Island on the heights. The girls who drove the donkeys were considered very beautiful, but what struck me most forcibly were their shrill voices when they yelled to the people to take their donkeys, they were worse than the hackmen in our cities. It was a funny sight to see the tall Englishmen seated on the little donkeys, holding their feet up to keep from dragging on the ground. Once afterwards in Switzerland I met two English ladies who had been of the party at Capri, and asked them what became of them, as we did not see them any more at Naples. They

told us they had stayed to spend the night with friends in a hotel in Capri, but that it was so stormy they did not get off of the Island for two weeks, because the boats could not land.

We took the various excursions around Naples, and one day went up Vesuvius. We found at the hotel when we were ready to start that the coachman, Ernesto, whom we generally got, was away, so we went to a cab-stand and hired a large carriage, with a fine looking driver and horses, for the trip up Vesuvius. I was the one who selected it because I liked the looks of the horses and driver. After we started, some of the ladies in the carriage began to find fault with the coachman, saying that he looked like a brigand, that he might murder us or throw us down the precipice, but as I had chosen him, I defended him, and said he was an honest, good looking man. After the discussion had lasted for some time he turned around and in very good English told us that he was Ernesto's brother, which settled the ladies very effectively. Of course he was very nice to me, as I had taken up for him. After we returned to the hotel, we met Ernesto, who said he had never had a brother.

Of course we spent a whole day at Pompeii, that most interesting place, going all through the ruins of the city. Another time we went through Pompeii, Mrs. Terhune and I got permission from the guide to leave the party and go by ourselves through the most interesting places, and we had with us a copy of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" and she read the principal scenes aloud. We drove out to Sorrento and stayed all night at Castle Marrie, and then made another excursion in the opposite direction. We drove through Grotto Posilipo, which is a tunnel, out to Baiae, and to Lake Avernus, and the Sibyl's Cave, and then we ascended the volcano of Solfatara and walked all around inside of the crater. At one place the steam and sulphurous gases were rushing out with great noise; some poor invalids in wheeled chairs were sitting in front of it to inhale the fumes, and another place a great spring of boiling water was bubbling up and steaming. Solfatara was quiet then, but when it is in eruption, Vesuvius is quiet, and vice versa. We were told that long ago when Solfatara was in eruption and Vesuvius was quiet, some escaped prisoners hid in the crater of Ve-

suvius. Near Solfatara is a mountain that was thrown up in the night by an earthquake, and they call it Monte Nuovo.

While I was in Naples I induced an English lady to go to the Scotch Church with me, she said she had never heard any "sectarians," that at home in England she and her husband read the services at home, that they hardly ever went to church, because the preachers were such "muffs." We heard a splendid sermon at the Scotch Church, but I do not think she appreciated it. There were Scotch and English churches everywhere. At Rome there was a Scotch Church and an English church outside of the gates, because the Pope did not allow them to be built inside, but since the new government they have built American Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches. The Methodists have a large following there making their church very successful. The Jews of Rome had always been confined to the Ghetto, and when the Pope was crowned, the leaders of the Jews had to do homage to the Pope at the Bridge of St. Angelo as he passed over. Pius the Ninth was the first Pope who did away with that custom. Now under

the new government the Jews are not confined to the Ghetto, and in late years a Jew, Mr. Nathan, was Mayor of Rome for two terms.

Among some articles I had packed in Italy and sent home, some of the tropical snails were brought accidentally, thought to have been in the straw the things were packed in. They were the edible snails, yellow with black stripes, some pink and red and plain yellow. They first appeared in the grounds of my home and increased rapidly. On rainy days I would see professors of our institutions looking for snails along the hedges and walls. I think they have spread out in many directions, but I never heard of anyone eating them as they do in Paris and Spain.

We returned to Rome from Naples, and when I left Rome I joined the Terhunes and we went to Florence. We went to Pisa one day. The whole country was in bloom. We ascended the Leaning Tower, and enjoyed the wonderful echo in the Baptistry. We returned to Florence spending several weeks there, then went on to Genoa, and thence to Milan, where we spent a week or two, and saw the Cathedral which is the most beauti-

ful creation of man in this world. Of course we went down into the crypt and saw the mummy of old Carlo Borromeo, lying in his rock crystal coffin with all his jewels and riches around him, and the silver statues Mark Twain wanted to melt up.

From Milan we went on to Lake Como, where we spent several days enjoying the exquisite scenery and this most beautiful lake. While flowers and the magnolia trees were blooming around the Lake, the high mountain tops were covered with snow.

When we left Como, Dr. Terhune hired a diligence and we went on to the town of Lugano on the beautiful Lake Lugano. I saw a magnificent thunder storm on the Lake. From there we went on towards the St. Gotthard Pass to Airolo, where we spent the night, crossing the Pass the next day. This was early in July, 1877, the tunnel was not finished then, we saw them at work on both ends. It was very cold on top of the mountain, and a small lake up there was covered with ice, and there was a great deal of snow. But we gathered Alpine flowers all the way which were growing out close up to the banks of snow. Crossing we reached the

town of Andermatt, and from there we crossed the Furka Pass, the highest pass in Switzerland, and saw the Rhone glacier where the River Rhone rises.

Travelling through Switzerland we were very much surprised to see how the women work. I saw them carrying huge piles of hay on their backs until they looked like walking hay-stacks. They also carried large cans of milk on their backs.

We went to Lucerne, and during the six weeks I spent there I was always trying to decide which was the most beautiful lake and which had the most beautiful scenery, Lucerne or Lake Como. I thought the monument of the Lion of Lucerne to the Swiss Guards who died in defense of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI was the most striking in the world, it is by Thorwaldsen.

At Lucerne I joined two ladies, a mother and daughter, and we went by Lake Constance to Munich and Stuttgart, and at Munich I was much struck by the portrait gallery of beautiful women that one of the kings collected. He had a very good portrait painter, and had the portraits of all the beautiful women he could find or hear of, from

a shoemaker's daughter to queens and princesses. He had three or four very large rooms in the palace filled with them, and among them was a portrait of Lord Erskine's daughter, the English woman who married a German, Baron Torpheus, and who was the authoress of "Initials." I got that book to re-read while in Munich. Every place I went I always tried to get the book that most clearly described the life of the city where I was stopping. I also went to Baden-Baden, and afterwards returned to Lucerne. From Lucerne we crossed the Brunig Pass and were at Interlaken two weeks. While there we had fine weather and every evening at sunset we saw the beautiful Alpine glow on the Jungfrau, the grandest and most splendid snow mountain I have ever seen, looking out between and towering above two green mountains, it would blush rosy red, then a lovely pink, and all at once startle one with its snowy whiteness.

We went by the Lake of Thun on to Bern, and by Lousanne to Geneva. From Geneva I visited the home of Voltaire, Ferney, and Madame de Stael's home at Coppet, and I drove in a diligence

out to the Valley of Chamouni and enjoyed the magnificent scenery on the way. We stayed at a very good hotel, and I hired a guide and a mule and rode up Montauvert by a narrow path taking two hours to reach the Mer-de-Glace. The mules would step on the edge of the precipice, and the guide said the reason was because they were accustomed to carry bundles and panniers up the mountain. I heard my guide tell another guide that I knew how to ride. There was a very large party going up with me. The sun was bright and warm, melting the ice and snow and making the surface of Mer-de-Glace very slippery. I bought a pair of woolen socks to put on over my shoes from a Swiss woman up there, which were a great help. We crossed stepping over crevasses, and going on to the Mauvais Pass. A party of Americans had told me at Interlaken that they had passed there just a week or two before and that just as they were crossing the Mauvais Pass a large piece of rock came pitching down from the height above as they were stepping along on the narrow ledge, threatening them with destruction. One of the guides cried out they were lost, but the large

rock passed between two people, the fragments only wounding a few of them. One old lady had a scalp wound and it bled so freely they thought she was going to die, but found afterwards that she was only slightly injured. After the Bad Pass we rested at a chalet called the Chapeau. We had refreshments and then mounted our mules which had been brought up to meet us, and rode down the mountain. The Alpine glow on the glaciers and snow mountains was beautiful from Chamouni.

From Geneva I went to Paris with Mrs. Haxall and Mrs. Amoss, about the first of October. I spent October and November there, and we stayed at a boarding house kept by Miss Ellis, an English lady, not far from the Arch-de-Triumph. My friends, Doctor and Mrs. Zolikoffer were at the Hotel Chatham.

That fall while I was in Paris I went to the funeral of the King of Hanover. He died in Paris where he was an exile. Mrs. Zolikoffer called for me in a carriage and took me to a friend's house on the Champs Elysee to see the procession. The King was a first cousin of Queen Victoria of England; and the Prince of Wales, afterwards King

Edward VII, walked behind the funeral car with Hanoverian princes, and Austrian royalties; these latter were dressed in brightest colors and finest court dresses, knee breeches and velvet cloaks; the car was drawn by eight white horses, led by eight tall lackies dressed in scarlet coats, white satin breeches, long white stockings, cocked hats, and were very much trimmed up with gold lace. There were ten thousand French troops in the procession and bands of music. The King of Hanover was buried in England, where he was the Duke of Cumberland. Mrs. Zolikoffer had a German friend who had been lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Hanover; she persuaded the blind King and his daughter, Princess Frederica, to receive Doctor and Mrs. Zolikoffer in their Paris residence. It was funny to hear the Doctor tell of their experience. He was greatly disgusted, said they were handed from one flunky to another, and from one room to another, waiting a long time. At last the King and his daughter arrived, after being seated the King talked to the Doctor five minutes, and the Princess to Mrs. Zolikoffer five minutes, and then the King and his daughter departed, leaving them to be escorted

out by the attendants again; but Mrs. Zolikoffer was delighted.

Mrs. Amoss had a private carriage and took me all about the city, showing me everything of interest. We spent a great deal of time in the Louvre Picture Galleries. I went to St. Dennis with the Zolikoffers, and to Versailles. I had many friends in Paris that fall.

There was a movement at that time in France to restore the Empire, and young Louis Napoleon, Eugenie's son, came over from England to Brussels to be ready. A great many soldiers were brought into Paris, we could see them parade up and down and drill in the square. I was struck by the French soldiers being so small, they were the smallest men in Europe, such a contrast to the big English, German, and Italian soldiers. They kept the city quiet. The shopkeepers and people of Paris generally seemed to be anxious for the restoration of the Empire, and many of them wore great bunches of blue violets, the Bonaparte flower. The question was settled by a vote of the people in favor of the republic.

I went with Miss Ellis, the English lady who kept

the pension, to the Garden d'Acclimation, and saw the first birds of Paradise ever brought to Europe, there were four of them, and many other beautiful birds. When we tried to come home, every car and vehicle was taken, there was such a crowd. Finally we saw a milk woman in her white cap and apron, driving by in her milk cart, so we begged her to take us in, which she did, and we mounted up behind her, and the milk cans, in the nice little open cart, and drove away, through the city streets, but before reaching the pension Miss Ellis made her let us out at the corner for fear the boarders would see us driving in a milk cart.

October was very pleasant, but in November the cold rains began and the days became shorter, and I heard from all sides what a bad winter climate Paris had, so the first of December I joined friends and went south by Marseilles to Nice. It was so beautiful there, sitting in the sunshine listening to the music. While there we went over to Monte Carlo at Monaco, to see the gamblers. They had there the finest orchestra in Europe, and gave three concerts a day. It is such a beautiful place. How strange it was to watch ladies and gentlemen

sitting around the tables so intent on the game. I did not take a chance, but some of my friends did and lost a small amount of money, which cured them of gambling. Afterwards we heard that some people lost all they had, and went out and committed suicide.

We spent some time in Nice, and then went over to a place near Genoa, called Peggli, where they had a hotel in a magnificent old palace. While there I met a Prussian officer and his wife, who sat next me at the table d'hote dinner. He was second surgeon on the staff of old Emperor William the First, during the Franco-Prussian War. I always registered from Virginia, and he told me he had read everything he could find about the Civil War, and he said, "Madam, you had all the great generals on your side." He seemed to have the greatest admiration for Lee and Jackson. This was in 1878. I asked him a great deal about Von Moltke and Bismarck, and he said that Bismarck was such an autocrat, that he wondered why the Emperor did not get rid of him.

After staying several weeks there, I went to San Remo, a most beautiful place, and there I met two

Scotch-Irish ladies from near Belfast. It was their first trip abroad. One of them was helpless from rheumatism and had her Scotch-Irish maid with her. As soon as they knew that I was a Presbyterian of Scotch-Irish descent, they adopted me. They were very unhappy there among so many Papists, as they called the Roman Catholics, they thought they might poison them; they showed me the tea leaves, said the tea did not taste right. I told them there was no danger, that Catholics did not do anything like that now, only wanted their money for board. They could never learn the Italian money, and I used to go shopping with the one who was able to go about. Before I left there the lady who kept the pension told me that I had been a great comfort to her in managing the old ladies. Our landlady was French, and very nice.

I came back to Paris in the Spring by Turin where I spent about a week, and through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and stopped at Aix-les-Bains a week or so, and a night and a part of a day at Dijon. We also spent a day and night at Fontainebleau, went all through the palace, and drove through the park, it was most interesting. Then we went to Paris for the Exposition.

The Exposition was very interesting, principally French goods. The French crown jewels were exhibited in a large circular glass case, they were the jewels that the Empress Eugenie and Louis Napoleon had worn, and were very magnifincent.

With two ladies from Ohio I went to see the artist Worth's establishment. He was a designer of ladies' dresses. He was a tall handsome gray haired Englishman. One of the head women showed us into a large room or saloon where we were seated on sofas around the wall with many other ladies, and we told the head lady what kind of dresses we wanted for street or evening wear. They had the very handsomest young women to show off the designs which were made of the richest materials, and they would come out and walk up and down before us dressed in these beautiful costumes so we could each choose the pattern and material we liked best and have it made there. I thought to myself, if I were only a dressmaker from New York, what an opportunity it would be for me to get the latest and most beautiful designs.

One excursion I made with friends out to the Sevres China Manufactory, returning by St. Cloud

and through the Bois de Boulogne. My cousin, William A. Anderson, was a Commissioner to the Exposition, and his wife and Miss Clara Davidson came with him to Paris. The Exposition was opened May 1, 1878.

We had been trying for weeks to get seats at the Grand Opera, but it was almost impossible to get them on account of the crowds in Paris. When I was about to leave for England my cousin saw one of the managers of the Opera, who told him he could get one seat only for him, so I took it, my cousin accompanying me to the door and putting me in charge of a Frenchman who escorted me to an excellent place. I enjoyed the splendid performance, it was the opera of Faust. When the long interlude arrived, the French gentleman came and invited me to come with him and see the Opera House, the grandest in the world. He showed me the magnificent building, pointing out the various stones and marble used in the building, and the statuary, and showed me the large Sevres china vases, worth $60,000 apiece in our money. Then he led me to the balcony in front, showing me the electric lights like full moons, on both sides, and

the whole length of the Avenue de l'Opera. The Opera House faces the Avenue de l'Opera. These were the first electric lights I had ever seen. He said they were operated from the basement of the Opera House. There were no automobiles then either. Among all the brilliant audience in the Opera House, I saw in two of the most conspicuous seats a colored man and woman. Brown skinned, they looked like one of our Virginia butlers and his mother, and they were very well dressed. She slept through the performance. They were the only colored people in the house.

I went from Paris to London with a cousin of mine as an escort, on Saturday afternoon. I thought after reaching there I would go out and make some purchases, but everything in England was closed at 12 o'clock on Saturday, including stores, factories, etc. This was a great contrast to the Continent, as in Paris all places stayed open and laborers worked at everything on Sunday. I arrived in London at the height of its season. All the best operas were in full swing. I heard Adelina Patti one night in La Somnambule, it was the first opera she ever appeared in in London, and then

I heard her again in Aida with Schalchi and Nicolini. I went to see the magicians, Masteline and Cook, with my cousin, the Reverend Henry Alexander, he did not go to the opera or theatre. The summer days are so long in London, and ladies are not allowed to wear hats or bonnets in theatres, so they could be seen driving to the theaters, with scarfs over their heads in daylight. And when I attended evening services in the churches, I came out and found the sun shining at 9 p. m.

I went to Westminster Abbey Sunday afternoon, June 30th, and Dean Stanley preached a sermon, the text from Isaiah, beginning, "I will mention the loving kindnesses of the Lord." The mayor and the sheriffs of the city of London came to the services in their robes, a man carrying the mace in front of the Mayor. The Dean and other clergy went out to meet them at the door, and they all came back in a procession escorting them to their seats near the pulpit.

I was very much interested in going through the Tower of London and was much impressed by seeing the long narrow room with only one window, the walls so thick that the window could not

be reached without lying down on the wall below the window, and stretching out your arms, where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for twelve years, and then taken out and executed. I was very much struck at seeing the sentinels of the Horse Guards, magnificent looking men they were, on fine horses, in full uniform, breast plates, and helmets and high boots. They had backed their horses into the arched recesses on either side of the gates, and they stood there, neither horses nor men winking an eye that I could see, nor making any movement whatever.

We spent a day at Windsor, went through the Palace and drove about the park, and also saw St. George's Chapel and the tombs of the Kings. I was not surprised that Queen Victoria chose to live at Windsor instead of Buckingham Palace. Eaton College is situated right across the river from Windsor. I saw Queen Victoria in an open carriage, she was going to Marlborough House for a garden party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Edward and Alexandra. I had a beautiful trip up the river to Hampton Court and the Kew Gardens.

In London the houses looked black and dingy after Paris, but Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were beautiful, and it was very interesting to sit in the park on Sundays and see the fashionable people promenading, and every day it was interesting to watch the ladies in Rotten Row. Ladies, gentlemen, and children rode every day, rain or sunshine.

I was in London about six weeks and then in travelling through England I went to Kenilworth Castle, and Stratford-on-the-Avon, and stopped a day or two at York, and spent Sunday at Newcastle, and went on to Scotland and visited Abbotsford which seemed sacred ground to me. I had been brought up on Sir Walter Scott's books and was interested in everything connected with him, and went to Melrose Abbey, and Dryberg Abbey, and then went on to Edinburgh. It is a beautifully situated city. I visited the Castle, Holyrood Palace, and went through the melancholy old building and felt sorry for poor Mary, Queen of Scots, living in that gloomy old building in that miserable climate, but we had beautiful weather while I was there. We went from there to Stirling

Castle and through the Trossachs by Loch Katrine and stopped at a hotel on Loch Lomond. By that time the days had gotten so long that it was broad daylight after 11 p. m., and I picked wild flowers on the banks of the lake after 11 p. m. The heather was in bloom on the mountains, and the associations made it all very beautiful and interesting to me, but I must say that this scenery was really not as beautiful as the scenery around Lexington, Virginia, my home, and the Trossachs not equal to Goshen Pass. When we were leaving Ayr and all the Burns associations, a man leaned out of a car window and played Bonnie Doone on a clarionet just at sunset, one of the sweetest things I ever heard.

We went from Scotland over to Belfast in Ireland, and from there went on to the beautiful lakes of Killarney. The heather there was in full bloom and much finer flowers than in Scotland. While going from the northern part of Ireland to the southern part, we saw many troops getting in the cars going north, and my cousin William A. Anderson, asked a man in the cars where they were going, and the man said, "There is to be a walk on

My Husband, John H. Moore

the wall at Londonderry." My cousin could not understand what in the world he meant, then I remembered that Miss Patton, the Scotch-Irish lady at St. Remo, had told me that every year on a certain day the Orangemen had a walk on the wall at Londonderry, (the walk on the wall being a procession), and the Catholics would stone them, then the Catholics and the Protestants would have the most terrible fights, so the soldiers were going up to try to keep order.

I spent two weeks at Queenstown, resting and waiting to join Dr. Terhune and his family on the boat, the ship Adriatic of the White Star Line, to come back to America. We landed in New York after a very rough voyage. We had a great deal of trouble at the Custom House, because the men all wanted bribes, although I had nothing dutiable.

I went home to Lexington, Virginia, in September, 1878.

## WANDERINGS

I stayed two months in Lexington after my return from abroad. My home being rented out, I went to Richmond for the winter, where I had many friends and relatives. I spent a month in Baltimore in the spring, and then returned to Lexington to take possession of my home. Two ladies from Maine, whom I met in Richmond, were travelling through the country to the Natural Bridge, and called to see me on their way back. They had returned just a short time before from a three year's trip through Europe, and they said they had never seen a more beautiful country than ours. That summer I spent the month of August at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, where I met Dr. and Mrs. Zolikoffer, who had returned to this country. They spent the month of October with me in my home. The following summer I spent in having my old home put in perfect repair and made some alterations and improvements. I built a new conservatory, made a new stairway, two bay win-

dows, and some porches, for all of which I drew the designs and directed the workmen.

The winter of 1880 and 1881 was very cold here the canal froze and we could not get coal, we could get wood though. Three of my young girl cousins came to me in the spring and attended the finals at Washington and Lee and the Virginia Military Institute, and I gave them a large party, and we had dancing; the band played on the lawn which was decorated with lanterns, and the house and grounds looked so pretty all illuminated.

In the fall of 1881, my husband and myself went out to spend the winter in California; we went out by the northern route and returned by the southern. We stopped at Baltimore and at Chicago and had very pleasant travelling companions on the way out. We went to the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, a very fine hotel, and afterwards by the advice of some of our friends, got an apartment at the Trusdale House, kept by a Boston woman, who was a wonderful manager. They had Irish maids and cooks, and Chinese men did the cleaning and made the fires; we had coal fires in an open grate. I never saw so many bay-windows in a city in my

life, the Palace Hotel was encrusted with them, all the windows on the outside of the hotel being bay-windows. Most of the houses in the city also had bay-windows. There was a wide beautiful court in the center of the hotel, where carriages could drive in. I was told that fuel was so dear they were anxious to get all the sun they could.

We spent six weeks there and then went to Los Angeles. The beautiful flowers, paper and eucalyptus trees (the latter being the blue gum of Australia) were so like those of San Remo in Italy, I felt as if I were there. We had a good boarding house kept by a Massachusetts woman, with a Chinese man for cook at $40.00 a month. A lady boarder in the house had a white nurse, who worried the Chinese cook by going into the kitchen, using his pans, etc., and one day he flew into a rage, yelling and hitting her over the head with a dipper, she had him arrested and fined, but she did not go into the kitchen any more. They had a half grown Chinese boy who used to bring up my wood and make my fire and carry the water. I spoke kindly to him and asked him questions about his home in China, he told the maid that I

was "Heap high-toned lady." Mrs Helen Hunt Jackson, the authoress, had a room opposit mine, she would call the Chinese boy to bring her hot water, he would put his head in the door and say, "Won't do it, git it yourself."

We took beautiful excursions, driving through the country. We were told that seven months in the year they had no rain, and then generally a rainy season, but this year 1881 and 1882, the rainy seasons did not come, and the immense flocks of sheep were starving as the grass was all dried up, it was distressing to see them when we were driving. One morning I waked to find it snowing fast. We were told that it was the first snow that they had had in thirty years. Everything was white, but by mid-day it was gone, and the heliotrope trained over the porch was uninjured. The mountains were covered with snow and when we would walk in the sunshine the wind from them would chill us. My husband and myself both took cold, and so did everybody else. The Los Angeles river enabled the people to water their orange groves and gardens. The flowers were a constant delight to us, but I found the California fruit either sour or tasteless.

We intended going home through New Mexico and Texas to New Orleans. Fortunately we met a man who had just come from Texas, who told me to be sure to carry provisions for the journey, as there were no eating houses or dining cars, so I had a large basket of lunch put up, got some plates, cups, etc., also some tea and some California wines. After we had gone some distance, there was no one in our pullman sleeping car but a pretty young woman with her eight months old baby, going to her mother in Texas, she had brought no provisions, but fortunately we had plenty to give her. The pullman conductor and the colored porter were both from Virginia, and a hunter we saw at one of the stopping places with a pile of buffalo meat was also a Virginian. Our conductor bought a tongue and presented it to us. The porter used to boil water on the stove for our tea. We passed through the deserts and saw a most beautiful mirage. After we reached Texas two men got on the car, a perfect arsenal around their waists—pistols, knives, etc., they said they had come through the Apache country. We saw some Apache Indians at the stations. We passed a town called Togan in New

Mexico, where all of the roofs of the town were canvas, and I counted the signs of seven bar rooms from the car window. We stopped at Dallas two days and went on to Houston, where they had had a flood and the streets were impassable, vehicles stuck in the mud, since then I have heard that the streets have been paved). A drummer on the cars showed us a high plank walk where we could get to the hotel, and fortunately we had a full moon to light us on our way. The next morning was Sunday and I was so tired I stayed in bed, but my husband went to church and heard a sermon by a former gentleman of our town, Lexington, Virginia, and the organist and several of the members of the choir were also from Lexington.

We were a week on the way from California to New Orleans and the night after we reached there we went to the opera, and I was so tired I could hardly keep awake. It was the opera of Hamlet, the last part of the opera is much better than the first. Anna Louis Cary, the fine contralto, was there. We saw Gilbert's and Sullivan's "Patience," and Haverly's Minstrels, and many other entertainments. The whole city was getting ready for

the Carnival as if a real king were coming. I had already seen the Roman Carnival which kept up a long time, and the people enjoyed it as a real frolic, throwing confetti, etc. The Carnival at New Orleans was a grand spectacle with the processions and floats and cars both in daylight and at night, with the reception of king and queen, and many other entertainments.

The people of the city of New Orleans were supplied with water from great tanks or hogsheads put up behind the houses to catch rain water from the roof. The city drainage was very bad, and they could not dig graves because they would fill up with water, so the dead had to be placed above the ground, the rich in vaults and the poor in brick houses holding many. The weather in March became so hot that we could not go out until evening. We came home and had very cold weather. The peach trees were in full bloom when we came through Georgia, miles and miles of pink bloom. We spent the summer at home and went to Europe in the fall.

We sailed from Quebec in November, 1882, to get the shorter ocean voyage. We stopped at

Springfield, Massachusetts, and spent a day and night with the Terhunes, stayed several days at Quebec, and sailed on one of the ships of the Allen line. I found sailing down the St. Lawrence very pleasant. We went through the Straits of Belle Isle and out on the ocean in the night. I awoke very seasick. My husband went on deck in the morning and was overcome, but soon recovered and was not sick any more. We landed in the northern part of Ireland, and went to Londonderry, stayed several days, saw all of our Scotch names in the cemetery there, and drove around the walls where they have their walks and fights. We went on to Larne expecting to cross the Channel to Stranraer, but when we got on the boat the Captain told us there was a terrible storm and advised us to wait until the next afternoon at 4 o'clock, so we went to a very fine hotel nearby, where the rich linen merchants of Belfast come in the summer to enjoy the surf bathing. We were there in November, 1882, so there were no guests in the hotel, but proprietor and servants were very nice and attentive. We had bright fires to sit by and a farmer came riding over and spent the morning with us.

He was very intelligent, well read and most agreeable, large and red-faced, and as soon as he was seated had a large mug or stein of beer brought in, we both declined taking any, but I think he drank three or four mugs of beer while he sat there. We crossed over to Scotland at 4 p. m. and spent the night at Dumfries.

The next day we went to London and had a very agreeable companion, a gentleman from Glasgow, in the first class compartment with us. He told us he was on his way to see the review of the British army, just returned from Egypt, by Queen Victoria. When we arrived in London in the evening we went with him to the grand hotel St. Pancres. We found it very good. Many of the waiters in the dining-room were Germans, could not understand English, we would have to call the head-waiter to explain. Many German and Italians used to go to England in the summer to learn the language; they would work without pay, and sometimes they paid for the privilege. When we arose the next morning we saw a London fog. It looked as if a very dirty blanket had been placed over the windows, and even in the breakfast room

there was some fog although everything had been done to keep it out.

After a few hours we could hear troops passing, and could hear the drums, but could see nothing. Very soon a red light seemed to penetrate the fog, and then great banks of fog rolled away with the awful red light streaming through; it was like a great fire. I asked my husband what he would think of it if he saw it at home, he said, "I would think the Judgment Day had come!" About 11 a. m. the fog began to disperse, and before long had disappeared, the sun shining brightly. "Queen's weather" the people called it. We started out to see what we could, telling the young man driving our hansom cab we were Americans just arrived and wanted to see everything. He drove us down to Oxford Street and Pall Mall, all splendidly decorated with flags and scarlet cloth, etc. A mounted policeman would order us off the street and our coachman would drive off at one corner and on at another, until we had seen all the decorations on the streets that the procession was to pass through. He then drove up to Carleton House Terrace and said we had better get out and try to see, but I soon saw

there was no chance for me with that crowd of tall English people, and I noticed every now and then parties of people handing tickets to guards and going down some steps, so the next party I saw I said, "Come, let's go with them," but J. said, "Oh, no, we have no tickets." But go I would, and he had to come, and we soon found ourselves in St. James' Park near the Horse Guards' Barracks, where the Queen was to review the troops. We were near the driveway which was roped off, and people kindly put me in front and showed us programs they had, and soon we heard the trumpets, and before long saw the Royal Horse Guards come at a trot, splendid men on splendid horses, the sun glancing on their drawn swords, breast plates, and tall helmets. Queen Victoria was in an open carriage, her eldest daughter, Victoria, Crown Princess Frederick of Prussia, was seated at her side, John Bull and another footman seated up behind, and Edward, Prince of Wales, on horseback on her right, the Duke of Cambridge, her cousin and commander of her armies, riding on the left of the carriage. In the next carriage was Alexandra, Princess of Wales, and other royalties in other carriages. As soon as the

Queen and Royal Family and Guards were in place, the army began to move. They were in their red coats, (khaki had not been then introduced). The Cold Stream Guards, with their bear skins on their heads, and other organizations whose names we had heard of, passed on foot. There were the Gordon Highlanders, their officers on horses, their plaids across their shoulders, and the Indian contingent, the officers riding, one of them a grey bearded man who had been in the Queen's service forty years. They had diamonds and other jewels on their turbans and sword hilts. There was every arm of the service in the parade—cavalry, infantry, artillery, ambulances, etc. I saw the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's third son, Sir Garnet Woolsley, and General Sir. Evelyn Wood. I think we were about four hours standing there to see the procession, and when the troops passed on to the streets, the crowd of people in the park rushed out after them, but we waited. After awhile the Queen and all the Princes and Princesses and Guards passed close by us on their way back to Buckingham Palace. We found our cab awaiting us, and we drove back to our hotel. On the way back the Horse

Guards Blue passed on the way to their barracks; they wear blue coats, the other regiment red coats, but they wear the same tall helmets with horse tails down their backs, cuirasses with shining breast plates, white doe skin trousers that fit like their skin, and high top boots, they had white sheepskin saddle cloths with the wool on. They are all picked men six feet tall. We met our Scotch friend at dinner at the hotel, and he told us that he had secured a window on the street to see the procession and came back to the hotel for us, but we had left. We thanked him and told him of our experience. I never saw anyone so astonished.

The next day we saw in the papers that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were acting, so in the evening we drove down to the theatre. The man at the office gave us two tickets, we asked if they were good seats, he said they were the best in the house and the only ones he had for sale. We had two chairs in the front row of a box, where we had a fine view of the stage and the brilliant audience. A gentleman sitting on a chair behind me was trying to see and hear, so I moved aside to let him come forward, he was profuse in his thanks, said he had tried for three months to get a ticket.

We went from London to Paris, then to Biarritz on the Bay of Biscay, a beautiful place. The Hotel Victoria was on the cliffs. One night we had a magnificent storm, the Bay of Biscay is celebrated for its storms. We stayed at Biarritz about two weeks, and then went on into Spain. We had a disagreeable time at the Custom House, and I had to pay $15.00 on my old clothes.

We stopped in Burgos, the only thing to see there was the Cathedral. Walking back to the hotel, we were mobbed by beggars, surrounded so we couldn't walk. A nice gentleman came along and scolded and cussed them in Spanish and drove them away. At Burgos we met a French naval officer and his wife, and a lady friend, wife of another officer, traveling with them, and we came across them everywhere we went in Spain. We went from Burgos to the Escurial. On the train we met two nice gentlemen, one an Englishman, the other a Hollander who lived in Spanish South America, and spoke the Spanish language well, and we found him of great use to us. The Escurial is most interesting, it has a church which is the burial place of

the royal family of Spain, a palace, a monastery, and a barracks for soldiers.

We went from there to Madrid and stayed at the Hotel de Paris. We found it very cold, snow piled up along the streets. I had a little sitting room with an open fire which our Englishman, Mr. MacGoran, enjoyed very much when he came in to see us. Our Dutch Spanish-American left us at Madrid, and we did not see him any more. The first day at Madrid I was tired and rested, and J. and our English friend walked out and saw the picture galleries, and as they returned through the streets J. gave a beggar a little bit of silver instead of a copper; soon the street was filled with beggars coming in every direction. The two gentlemen concluded to run for it, which they did, and raced for the hotel and escaped. Our Englishman wanted a bath and asked for directions to a Russian bath, and he arrived at a convent, where he created a great disturbance among the nuns and their protectors. He gave a very funny account of it. We met the French officer and his wife and their friend in the hotel in Madrid, and all went to the opera together, and saw Regioletto. A fine company and

a splendid audience. The whole court was there in full dress, blazing with jewels.

We saw King Alphonso driving on the street one day attended by many officers all in full uniforms and plumes.

One can not see the best paintings of the two greatest Spanish painters, Velasuez and Murillo, until one goes to Spain, although they have some fine ones in Paris and other places.

We went from Madrid to Cordova. So glad to go south, Madrid is about the same latitude as New York, and colder. We saw the beautiful mosque built by the Moors, now turned into a Catholic church, the beautiful horseshoe arches and hundreds of beautiful columns. When we came out of the cathedral and saw the orange trees laden with oranges the porter said if we would like to have some he would come that night and get them while the Monks were asleep.

From Cordova we went to Seville. We saw there the beautiful Moorish tower of the Giralda. We drove with our French friends in a carriage to the Moorish palace of the Alcazar, but were told that the king's mother, Queen Isabella, was living there,

and there was no admittance, so we returned to our carriage, the French officer leaving his card, and soon a servant came running to tell us to come back, and a major-domo in scarlet coat very much trimmed, with a white stick with a ball on the end of it in his hand, conducted us all through the palace and gardens, except the queen's private apartments. This beautiful Moorish palace is kept in perfect repair, and all furnished for a residence. One of the drawing-rooms had lounges all around it, covered with the most beautiful embroidery, that had been sent to Queen Isabella by the Sultan of Turkey.

We went to see the Spanish women and girls making cigars.

We spent Christmas at Seville, 1882, and then went to Granada, and stayed at a hotel named Washington Irving on the mountain close by the Alhambra. We found our French friends there. We spent a great deal of time walking through the courts of the Alhambra, and admiring the magnificent Moorish architecture, that I think the most beautiful in the world. We spent two weeks there.

From Granada we went to Valencia. The food in Spain was very trying to me, everything floating

in oil, and garlic, so that when I reached Valencia I was quite ill. Fortunately a kind French woman kept the hotel. She had just won thirty thousand dollars at the government lottery there. One day I nearly fainted at the dinner table, and she took me into her nice little sitting-room, laid me on a couch, and gave me a glass of Chartreuse. Then the whole week I was there she would send up to my little sitting room where I had an open fire, the nicest broiled chicken and steak, all cooked in real French style, and quantities of fruit. I had a French boy nineteen years old, badly pock marked, for chambermaid. When I was able to drive about, I saw the Spanish ladies driving in open carriages with black Spanish lace veils over their heads. On coming to Valencia the country was beautiful. We saw men with black jackets and red sashes around their waists, climbing long ladders to gather dates from the very tall palm trees, and in many places women and men were gathering oranges, and at the stations piles of boxes and crates of oranges were seen ready for shipment.

Next we went to Barcelona. Our French friends were at the hotel there, and one of the ladies said

that the Spanish cooking had made her ill. In Italy one can get French bread and French cooking at the hotels and boarding houses, but in Spain there is nothing but the dark bread which is always a little sour, and the Spanish stews with oil and garlic, and sometimes they have the edible snails in the stews, the Spanish men pick them out of the shells with toothpicks. It is needless to say that we did not eat the snails.

Every train we traveled on in Spain had a guard of soldiers on it on account of the brigands.

We went from Barcelona to Marseilles, and thence to Nice where we stayed two weeks, and of course while there went over to Monte Carlo to hear the music and watch the gamblers. One of the bankers at Nice told us that a Russian came and deposited a large sum of money in the bank, and every morning he would come and draw out a certain amount and go over to Monte Carlo, and in the evening would bring back his winnings and telegraph them to Russia, never put anything back in the bank he had gained. After some time he had gained a large amount of money, but at last he came back and told the banker his luck had changed and he was going home.

From Nice we went to Genoa. The day after we got there they unveiled a statue to Mizzini, great crowds were there, and they were having processions and speeches.

From there we went to Pisa and stayed two days. From there to Rome. The whole country from Pisa to Rome down the west coast is very malarious, and we were told all of the people moved out of some of the towns in the summer and go to the mountains. All along the railroad they had planted eucalyptus trees, and at the stations they had planted groves of them, as they were considered a preventive of malaria. Rome used to be very unhealthful, but since they have drained the Pontine Marshes it is as healthful as any city in Europe.

When we reached Rome we found our friend, Mrs. Amoss, from Maryland. She had her own carriage and two fine horses, and she would send her English maid every morning to ask where we would like to go that day, and would drive us all around everywhere. Of course, we did a great deal of sightseeing, and had beautiful drives out on the Campania. We met some friends from Richmond, Virginia, there—Mrs. W. and her two sons,

who had been down to Naples and had stayed two weeks. She said that English people had told her before she went, not to drink the water in Naples, or stay in the lower part of the city, and that they had done both and were perfectly well, which showed that you needn't mind what people told you. The next morning my husband went down to the Hotel de Russie to call on them and found they had gone on to Florence, and that the youngest son was very ill. He was ill at Florence for two or three months with typhus fever contracted at Naples.

We spent some months in Rome and were there for the carnival, and went on to Naples in the Spring. The morning we left for Rome it had turned very cold and the fountains were draped with icicles, and on the way to Naples we had a heavy snow storm. It was very cold when we reached there and as we had nothing but open carriages we suffered driving to our hotel. We found a little fire in the reading room most comfortable. Of course, the cold weather did not last long, but the people suffered very much. As we drove through the streets from the station all the

shops were wide open and had braziers placed out on the streets in front of them filled with charcoal with burning pine cones on the top, and people were crowding around them trying to get warm. In 1883, we were at the Hotel Britanique kept by Madame McPherson, where I had been in 1877. It was situated high up on the Corso Victor Emanuel. The view from there was magnificent. We spent a great deal of time in the wonderful aquarium at Naples, and the museum, and at Pompeii, and J. ascended Vesuvius on the new railroad. We had a beautiful day for the trip to Capri, but some friends of ours, two young ladies from Chicago, went to Capri one day and a storm came down on the bay and everyone was seasick. The boat hands had to come into the saloon to hold the basins for the ladies. When they reached the island no one could land, and our friends said they could not raise their heads to look out. They were sick for several days after they returned to the hotel.

We returned to Rome in time for Easter, and found every place crowded. We were driving around half the night, trying to get into some good hotel. At last the proprietor of the Hotel de

Louvre gave up his own room to us. I was too tired to move the next morning, so J. went alone to St. Peter's for the music. Even St. Peter's was filled with people. He met many acquaintances, people we had met in other cities. The music was splendid of course. When J. wanted to return to the hotel he found he had forgotten its name, and the name of the street, so for hours he was going from one hotel to another, the hotel clerks looking on the registers for our names, and kindly assisting him. At last he reached the Louvre in time for dinner. Our friend, Mrs. Amoss had an apartment near, and she took us in her carriage to many villas and grounds where cabs were not allowed.

Afterwards we went to Florence and spent some time there. We boarded with good Madame Liotti, No. 1 Piazza Sodireni, where I had been before several times. J. went to Venice with some friends leaving me at Madame Giotti's.

From Florence we went to Milan for a week, and thence to Balagio on Lake Como, and from there we went through the St. Gothard Tunnel to Lucerne, and then to Paris.

Paris in May is beautiful and gay. The Champs Elysee—it is like the "Elysian Fields," the horse chestnut trees with their pyramids of white bloom, four rows of them all along the wide avenue, and green grass, bright flowers, and fountains on either side with seats for the weary, all along up the incline from the Palace de la Concord to the Arch de Triumph—a mile, handsome buildings for the background. When in Paris in November everything was dark and dismal and raining.

We reached Paris early Sunday morning and I did not go out, but J. said he would go to church, so I gave him directions as he had never been there, to go up the Champs Elysee and find a side street and turn to the right for the American Church, but he never found that church. He was so delighted with the sunshine and flowers and the gay people that he walked way up to the Arch de Triumphe, and ascended the steps to the top of it—such a view, the beautiful city spread out at his feet, the river winding through it with its many bridges, the great golden dome of the Invalides shining in the sunlight, and many other churches and towers and great buildings could be seen.

When he came down from the arch he walked on down the avenue, and sat on a bench in a grove of trees; soon brought refreshments—tea, coffee, ices, and wines and cakes. He was very tired and enjoyed the rest. Soon a curtain was raised from a stage back among the trees, and girls danced and sang, the young men on the benches keeping time with their teaspoons and ladies clapping their hands and applauding, then some acrobats performed. I was getting uneasy about J. when he walked in quite excited, having enjoyed the day immensely. After dinner in the evening he said he was going to write his mother all about his Sunday in Paris, I advised him not to, but he said, "Mother would understand." So he wrote a long letter, and as soon as possible he had an answer from his eldest sister, terribly shocked at his behavior. She said her mother could not trust herself to write. People always say that I find when they are afraid the other person won't be severe enough, but sister F. was severe; she thought wicked Paris had ruined him, so I had to write at once to say that J. was most particular about going to church, and was really a good, pious man in spite of his first Sunday in Paris.

We spent the month of May in Paris. The Wises joined us there. The son and mother had both recovered after months of illness at Florence. The elder son had consumption and they had come to Europe on account of his health, it did him no good and he died soon after his return to America. Mrs. Zolikoffer was in Paris, but the good Doctor was dead.

We went on to London June 1, 1883. We had an apartment very near Hyde Park. The first day we walked out in the Park we found the east wind blowing and we shivered and shook from the cold. We wore our winter clothes all summer. The Wises soon joined us in London, and one evening B. the younger son, walked in the park with us and we were locked in. We had seen a notice on the gate that it would be locked at 9 p. m., but as the sun was shining brightly we forgot how far north we were and the length of the days in summer in England. Some kind English people told us of another gate that was left open later, so we got out there. J. and B. went to Parliament one day and a gentleman who had been in Virginia took them in and gave them seats and they heard

Gladstone speak. We had fine strawberries, and the largest gooseberries, I ever saw, in London for two months, but peaches and grapes only grow under glass. I gave a shilling for one small peach. When I was ill my doctor told me one day he ate much fruit because he suffered from liver disease, he said he ate a quart of currants every morning, and a quart of gooseberries every evening.

When we were about to get a trained nurse (I was very ill), they gave us a paper directing the treatment of the nurse. She must have good meals and two quarts of beer every day. I said if she should drink all of that beer I should be afraid of her, but much to my relief she preferred claret. You never see a drunken man in France, Spain, or Italy, where they drink wine; but in Great Britain where whiskey and brandy are used you see much drunkenness, and they even have inebriate asylums for ladies. My nurse didn't drink much claret, but she drank tea all day and all night, J. bought pounds of it for her and she made it on a spirit lamp. The nurse and the servants dropped their h's till I thought I should do the same when I was well. I told an English lady that we didn't drop

h's in America, and she said, "Well, how would you know uneducated people then?" After I was well enough to go out I went in a bath chair all about Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. J. always went with me. The man who pushed the chair had been a soldier in the Crimean War and was quite entertaining.

While we were at Liverpool on our way home, J. went to Scotland for a week. We had a stormy voyage of twelve days and twelve nights crossing the ocean. We shipped seas and had to close the hatchways. Such rolling and tumbling, nearly everybody was sick, and there was no cooking on the ship for three days. Our smoke stacks were as white as snow to their tops from the salt on them. This was the last part of September. We landed at New York and went to our home in Lexington, Virginia. A young Englishman accompanied us. He was delighted with our splendid fruit. We had peaches and grapes, and he said that any nobleman of England would be glad to have the fruit we had. He asked why the young ladies wore ball dresses to church? I told him that ours was a warm climate in summer, and ladies

had to wear organdies and other thin goods on account of the heat. Our young Englishman said it was just like one family in our town, men on the street calling my husband John, and everybody coming to see us to welcome us home. We had many relatives in the town.

We went to Richmond in the spring and the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs in the summer for my health.

In 1885 we went to New Orleans to the Exposition. When there some time before we had found the weather very warm, now we suffered from the cold. Everything at the Exposition had been prepared for warm weather, ice cream stands and soda water, when everybody was shivering and shaking with the cold. The weather ruined the Exposition. The rain had poured for three months, and they had to build a railroad to transport goods from the ships to the grounds. We left there and went to Citronell, a little health resort near Mobile, for a rest. We had some relatives there. We then went on to Florida to Jacksonville, and up St. John's River to Sanford, and then to Tampa on the Gulf. We returned home by Charleston, South

Carolina, and spent a week with our cousins, Doctor William F. Junkin's family.

One year Mrs. T. J. Jackson visited us during the commencements of our colleges, and I gave her a large reception. At another time she came with her grandchildren to unveil the statue of her husband, Stonewall Jackson, at the Cemetery, and stayed with us. She was a lovely, cultivated, refined woman, beautiful in her youth. She lived to be eighty years old.

One summer we spent at Newport, Rhode Island, and there we met Professor Bartlett and his family. We returned by Montclair, New Jersey, and visited Doctor Junkin's family, who were then living there.

We went to the Chicago Exposition in the fall of 1893. We went by Clifton Forge and Cincinnati only traveling in daylight. I enjoyed Buffalo Bill's Show more than anything I saw there, I had been to so many expositions. We went to New York and visited a cousin there before returning home. One fall we went to New York and spent several weeks there, and then went to Niagara Falls, and from there to visit some relatives in Louisville and Lexington, Kentucky.

We sometimes went to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. For several years we spent the month of March at Old Point. We were there when the ships were preparing for the Spanish War, and from my windows in the Hygeia Hotel I could see the sailors and marines drilling on the ships. The New York was the nearest in front of my windows. Before they went down to Cuba they were all painted grey.

We spent a great many winters in Washington. In 1899 and 1900 we spent the winter at 16th and Q Streets; there were some delightful people in the house, one of them, Mrs. Simpson, played so beautifully on the piano, anything you chose to ask for without notes, most difficult or very light. My old friend Mrs. Amoss was in Washington near us. The winter of 1900 and 1901 we were on I Street. McKinley was inaugurated in March of that year for his second term. Rain and sleet kept me in, but I saw much from my bay window. The West Point cadets marched by, their fine band playing. The winter of 1901-1902 I spent at home. Then the three following winters I spent in Washington; 1902-1903 in Bancroft Place; 1903-04 I

boarded at Mrs. Delaplanes, 917 Sixteenth Street; and 1904-05 on M Street near Thomas Circle.

In March of that year Roosevelt was inaugurated for his second term. That winter was very cold, much snow and ice. The snow would melt a great deal in daylight and freeze at night, until the streets were covered with ice and the walking was dangerous, but we wore rubber shoes and I used an umbrella for a cane. When March came Pennsylvania Avenue was cleaned of snow and ice for the procession, costing $5,000, I heard. The 4th of March was a bright, beautiful day, very cold, but we were fortunate in getting seats nearly opposite the White House and the reviewing stand on Lafayette Square, which were protected from the wind, and we spent most of the day there. The crowd was tremendous. The procession was fine, and I was especially interested in the Carlisle Indian cadets, who were uniformed and marching beautifully, led by four old chiefs in feathers and regular savage dress, Old Geronimo, the terrible Apache Chief who defied the United States soldiers for so long, at their head. The old chiefs were mounted on ponies. The other organization most

interesting to me was the Richmond Blues, in their Revolutionary uniform of blue and white, their white plumes waving in the wind. The troops of each state came with their governor at their head on horseback, and some of the governors looked as if it was their first attempt at riding, but when the Maryland troops came, their bands playing "My Maryland," with Governor Warfield at their head, riding splendidly, the crowd thought he was General Fitz Lee, the resemblance was so great, and they cheered tremendously.

We went in the fall of 1905 to Florida, and stopped at Jacksonville, Palm Beach, and Miami. Afterwards crossed the waters to Nassau, the capital of the Behamas belonging to the British, and celebrated during the Civil War as a base for blockade runners to the Southern ports. It is only fifteen hours from Miami. One of the first things I noticed on arriving at Nassau were the policemen, great black giants. They were brought from Honduras, and I was told that the negroes in Nassau are dreadfully afraid of them. They have showy uniforms and are drilled like soldiers, and are marched to church on Sunday and seated in the gallery opposite the pulpit.

We found Nassau a delightful winter climate, the trade winds keeping it from being too hot. Of course, clothing must be light, and you keep out of the sun. The fruit is delicious and of many varieties, the oranges the sweetest I ever tasted. J. thought they were too sweet and preferred grape fruit.

There is an island near belonging to an Irishman, that has a beautiful bathing beach, the sand is as white as snow, you take a boat and go over to this island covered with cocoanut palms and orange trees, which have benches and tables under them, with attendants pealing oranges and filling large dishes with them, each orange having a little sharp stick in it to hold it by to prevent soiling your hands. The water is bright and beautiful, more beautiful than the Bay of Naples. A man from New York they said stayed in the water at the beach for three hours, swimming each day. He was called the "mahogany man" because he was so sunburned. Bathing was fine and many people enjoyed it.

There were beautiful sea gardens and we went out to see them in glass bottom boats. The fish

brought into Nassau were beautiful, brilliant colors, gold with red stripes, or spots of blue, and silver fish striped or spotted red or blue. The oriole fish is orange and black. There are a great many varities of fish there. I saw one dreadful looking one, very large and long like a serpeant, with a head like a dog, and teeth that I was told could bite a man's leg off. Of course there are sharks there too. The flowers were my constant delight, and there are many strange trees and plants there.

One of Flagler's fine hotels is at Nassau, and they had a very fine orchestra that gave concerts three times a day. We would sit on the porches there every morning to hear the music and see the beautiful views of the water, with yachts and other boats riding over it, and see the millionaires promenading in their fine gowns and jewels, which they even wore in the morning.

The winter of 1906-07 I spent at home. In the Spring we went to Richmond to the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans, and the unveiling of President Davis' statue, and then afterwards we went down by boat to the Jamestown Exposition. The next winter, 1907-08, I spent most of the time

in Richmond, and March at Newport News, where my cousin, Mrs. W. had an apartment at the Hotel Warrick. I spent the summer at home, my last summer there, for I sold my home and twenty acres of land to the Virginia Military Institute. The next five winters I spent in Washington at Mrs. Delaplanes on Sixteenth Street.

I was in Washington at Mrs. Delaplane's the winter of 1909 when Taft was inaugurated. The day before Mr. Taft was inaugurated we had heavy rains, and the night before I noticed it was turning colder, and sleet was beating against the windows, and I told the ladies seated in Mrs. D.'s parlor the weather would be bad next day, but they exclaimed, "Oh no, the Weather Bureau says 'fine weather.'" We had a blizzard. When I awoke in the morning the wind was blowing great guns, and sheets of snow were flying down the street. Our Virginia Military Institute cadets had come to be in the parade, and General Nichols ordered rubber overshoes for the whole corps. By noon the snow ceased falling, but the rain the day before and the snow in the morning had covered the streets with slush, and a bitter cold wind chilled one to

the bone. The railroads were blocked and many people could not get to Washington. The 7th Regiment of New York was stopped on the way, and Baltimore was filled with people who could not get over. I did not go out, but saw the procession returning on K Street from my window, and the fireworks that night showing above the houses.

I was also in Washington at Mrs. Delaplane's the winter of 1913 when Wilson was inaugurated for his first term. The 4th was a beautiful, bright day, and we had seats in the stand on Lafayette Park, opposite the reviewing stand. There was a great crowd of on-lookers, and a grand procession. Our V. M. I. cadets were in it, also the Richmond Blues, and West Point cadets. The Woman's Suffrage Parade was the day before, the 3rd of March, and there was such an enormous crowd of people that is was with difficulty the parade could get through the crowd. I was also in Washington for Wilson's second inauguration in 1917, but the weather was so cold and windy I did not go out.

In 1913-14 I stayed at 1122 Vermont Avenue. I spent four winters at this place. The many winters

LC



I spent in Washington were very pleasant. I met many interesting people and very kind ones.

I spent the month of June at Atlantic City for nine or ten years.

After we entered the War in 1917, I have since remained in Lexington.

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